THE COMMONWEAL

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CONCERNING THE SCOPES CASE

THERE are several very important aspects of the Scopes case—the trial of a school teacher under the new law of the state of Tennessee which forbids the teaching of the doctrine of evolution in public schools—which it may be well worth while to consider before we are overwhelmed by the flood of sensational publicity which will attend the course of the trial itself.

In the first place, we should remember that the truth or the falsity of the hypothesis of evolution—or transformism, as certain authorities on the subject inform us evolution more properly should be termed—will be in no way involved in the issue of the Scopes trial, whatever that issue may be. It is, nevertheless, certain that multitudes of people will accept the verdict in the trial as also a verdict that will settle the case for or against the evolutionary theory itself. These multitudes will be carried away by the clamor of the newspaper hubbub on the subject. The number of persons actually competent to form their own views concerning evolution is necessarily extremely small.

For the most part, people accept or reject, or else simply ignore the subject—not because they have studied it, or are competent to study it—but for reasons which have nothing to do with the validity of the theory itself. In general, it may be said that people professing some form of Christianity, for the most part regard the evolutionary theory askance, or with positive dislike; while, on the other hand, the perhaps even larger number of people in this country who are not attached to any religious body, either accept the theory, and its implications, just as unthinkingly, or emotionally, as the people on the other side reject it.

The passing of the law in Tennessee, however, when viewed in relation to the statements made by such leaders of Protestant fundamentalism as Mr. William Jennings Bryan, testifies to the fact that the vague, emotional resistance to the evolutionary theory is becoming a conscious and well-organized effort to oppose the teaching of evolution by means which threaten to become a positive peril to the fundamental American principle of the separation of church and state. Such newspapers as the New York World, declare that Mr. Bryan's declaration recently made in Brooklyn, is nothing less than an open proof of an organized movement to set up an established Protestant church in America.

This fact is the second of the important aspects of the Scopes case which we have in mind at this time. The language in which Mr. Bryan sets forth what the World terms "this amazing and revolutionary doctrine" of the new alliance between church and state, is as follows—

"The hand which writes the pay checks should rule the schools. A majority of the people of the nation believe in the Bible. The teachers are the employes

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of the taxpayers, and should no more be allowed to teach what they personally wish than a clerk should be allowed to dictate the policy of a bank."

The implication of this doctrine is clearly as follows, namely—that if a majority of the people of a state desire the teachings which they derive from their own conception of what the Bible means to be taught in the public schools, they have the right and the duty to impose their views by law. Other Protestants, Jews, agnostics, and Catholics would have no rights which that majority would be compelled to respect.

Profoundly alarmed by the action of the state of Tennessee in passing the law which is to be tested in the Scopes case, because it seems to them destructive of principles upon which the American nation was founded, the leaders of the American press are fully determined to cast the spotlight of the most intense publicity upon the whole matter, in the faith that when the people realize the significance of the case they will put a stop to the further extension of the menace to liberty which is involved in the Tennessee law. If this were their single or predominant motive, all would be well. For unquestionably it is a highly dangerous doctrine that would permit any state to forbid the teaching of a scientific theory, or of any other matter not clearly antagonistic to the civil laws of the land. If America is to maintain its traditional policy of the full separation of church and state, such encroachments upon that policy as the Tennessee law, deserve and demand the most complete exposure and discussion.

But there are many newspapers to whom this aspect of the case seems to be less apparent, and even less important, than the opportunity to exploit the Scopes case simply as sensational news, and thereby profit by the matter. It is entirely probable—indeed The Commonweal considers it to be certain—that this view of the matter will predominate overwhelmingly over the really important issues of the case. So far as the general mind is concerned, that mind will be confused utterly by the mere noise and clamor and general inconsequence of the Scopes case publicity. All that can be hoped for on the part of those who would wish to realize the true values inherent in the case, is that individuals here and there, particularly Catholic people, will pay little or no heed to the mere noise and excitement of the Scopes case, and will not be swept away by mob psychology, in one direction or another.

The little town of Dayton where the trial will be held, beginning early in July, is humming with activities directed toward the loosing of the publicity flood. The business men are "considering the erection of a temporary radio broadcasting station in Dayton, so that the whole nation may be able to 'sit in' on the trial. If this plan is rejected, a microphone may be installed in the courtroom to carry the proceedings of the trial over a long-distance wire to Knoxville, where it will be broadcast from a powerful station there." As Dayton possesses only three small hotels, all the rooms of which are already engaged "by professors of universities in Kentucky, Alabama, Georgia and Pennsylvania," Pullman cars are to be converted into emergency hotels, and, if necessary, "tents will be erected on the baseball diamond" to accommodate the thousands of visitors who are expected.

But what is happening in Dayton to give the Scopes case nation-wide publicity is a mere trifle compared with the preparations now under way in other quarters. It is in the offices of the great newspapers, and of the newspaper syndicates supplying "special features" that the really significant preparations for the Scopes trial are being made. The "story" has every element that appeals to the newspaper man's instincts and faculties. With William Jennings Bryan figuring in the case, to say nothing about Mr. Clarence Darrow, the really momentous issues that are involved are complicated with other issues having little or nothing to do with the genuinely significant ones. The whole nation will be deluged with a mass of vehement, noisy, emotional, supposedly humorous, and generally incoherent reading matter—pictures, cartoons, radio speeches, sermons, and interminable discussions—under the flood of which it is almost certain that the real issues will be submerged.

Catholics at least should know and act upon the fact that there cannot possibly be any real conflict between any fact and the teachings of the Catholic Faith. Let the flood roar and rage—truth will at last prevail. Catholicism being true, all facts known to be facts, or which come to be known as such, must necessarily harmonize with the truth. The matter of evolution is an open question. It may or may not be a fact. The jaunty assumption on the part of far too many of its champions that it must be accepted as a fact, is strongly and powerfully denied by qualified scientific students having at least an equal right to pronounce judgment. Except for those Catholics whose vocation it is to study science, and who are therefore competent to follow its development, and to mark the ebb and flow of its progress toward knowledge, most Catholics may well leave the whole matter to be threshed out by the scientists, and calmly await the final verdict—when, and if, that verdict can be rendered.

But Catholics have a decided right, and indeed a duty, to protest against and legitimately to oppose the efforts of those, who through an act of the most profoundly false faith accept the evolutionary hypothesis as an already proven fact, and proceed to teach and preach philosophies and methods of thought and action which are socially dangerous and subversive to religion. Such opposition on the part of Catholics is not an opposition to science, but a defense of science—as well as a defense of society and the Church. Catholics have the right and duty to oppose as Americans, this threatened encroachment of state authority upon individual and family rights in the field of education.

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MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

Assistant Editors

THOMAS WALSH HELEN WALKER

JOHN F. MCCORMICK, Business Manager

Editorial Council

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R. DANA SKINNER

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WEEK BY WEEK

THE Constitution of the United States ought to be the most popular political instrument in the possession of the people. Not only should the people be able to give it all their loyal affection and approval, but it should unreservedly deserve both in all its details. It almost looks as if an agitation would have to be launched for its protection from decline in public favor. It is too easy to alter it on temporary and insufficient grounds, and too nearly impossible to put it back where it was, when amendments prove to be of doubtful value. There are many reasons for not piling new ideals of restriction and regulation of the citizens' liberties upon the organic law. They become dangerous and inconvenient. They distort the legal perspective by putting police details upon the same plane as fundamental principles. But most serious of all the objections is the danger of estranging well-disposed men and women, of disgusting and antagonizing them, and thus creating a spirit of resistance to all law, and hostility to government itself.

IN a recent lecture before the Cornell University law school, Chief Justice Robert von Moschzisker of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania emphasized this danger and gave warning of the menace of the present impulse to concentrate every function in Washington, as if the federal government were the only efficient agency of law-enforcement in the country. "If our future policy," he said, "is to be a concentration of governmental activities at Washington, accompanied by a host of minor officials and employes, swarming from there and scattering throughout the country to execute detailed regulations of innumerable kinds, affecting the daily life of the inhabitants, we shall soon find resentment springing up in every quarter. It must be conceded that when any considerable number of ordinarily worthy people grow to think of their government as a remote, prying, and persecuting power, there is real danger in its path."

NOW there is no obscurity about the early history of the Constitution, or the views of those who framed and ratified it. The purpose was to give the central government the political and economic powers necessary to the organization and management of the country as a united whole. An equally fixed resolve was to retain in the hands of the states all the industrial and social interests which affected the personal rights and liberties of the people. There can be equally little doubt that large modern groups are ready to abandon the reserved powers one by one, for the sake of the efficient application of custodial care to human conduct and prosperity. Whether, if the newer view be extended to the fullest practice, we shall continue to have the same old United States of the fathers; or whether the fathers would have much pride in our modern conception of political liberty, is a question well worth considering on its merits, fully and freely.

EVEN as to the superior efficiency which is supposed to be a product of federal supremacy, there would appear to be room for cogitation. There are at least three great groups of laws passed by the Congress in more or less recent times, two of which have behind them the sanction of radical amendments to the Constitution and which affect the status of a great racial group in our population, the whole economic framework of our larger business interests, and a great question in public morals—and it cannot be said that in any one of the three fields the purpose of the law has been accomplished—that a whole-souled desire to comply with it has been manifested, or that even a significant degree of success has been reached in its enforcement. We have the laws for the colored citizen, for the curbing of trusts, and for the prohibition of liquor—and they are all largely dead letters.

JUDGE MOSCHZISKER points out that the Constitution "leaves room for growth according to the development of the age which it is to serve without the necessity for constantly altering its provisions or adding new ones." But the mania for change persists. Every session almost brings a new "amendment," and unhappily it has been found only too easy, of late, to obtain ratification. Excepting the woman suffrage amendment, which had become inevitable, but has seemingly little practical effect, he would be a brave man who would undertake to prove benefit or success as a result of any of the other changes; but, undiscouraged, the advocates of change work on. No-

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body can foresee where change is to stop or, at any rate, the agitation for change—and the promise of good remains obscure. This is not an abstract topic, the concern of specialists—of jurists. The appeal of Chief Justice Moschzisker is not to lawyers alone. It is to the citizens, whose charter the Constitution is. It is their affair whether the great document be perpetuated as the expression and the guarantee of their rights, or whether it be distorted into betrayal of their best interests. It is for them to wake up to protect it, and for the most enlightened among their leaders to stimulate directness as a definition of the rights and liberties of a free people.

SINCE Mr. Houghton's remarks at the Pilgrim Dinner, events in rapid succession have restored much of our contact with Europe—even if the exchange of greetings seems to lack the old-time graciousness. In the first place, the government has requested a general chat on the subject of debts which, in the aggregate, are staggering and diversified. The French obligations are naturally of primary importance. We are told that M. Caillaux has listened with respectful deference to Mr. Herrick—that a commission has already prepared a vast bundle of data on the subject—and that some kind of a settlement will be proposed shortly. The general satisfaction expressed by American commentators on the news, reflects our interest as a nation in pushing this business to some sort of a conclusion. A few years ago college men and others were debating, with varying fortune, whether these debts could be paid or ought to be collected. The government has apparently decided in favor of the affirmative of both propositions. It is expected that a far-reaching plan will have to be devised; it is not expected that money will roll in with promptness. Everything is considered contingent upon the success of the Dawes Plan. Meanwhile we are not convinced that a great amount of faith can be placed in the stability of the present French government. Painlevé is at best a rickety political figure, and the works of Caillaux have a long way to go before they equal the avoirdupois of his words. The public opinion which supports them is only too likely to contrast the poverty of France with the wealthy ease of the United States—financially triumphant beyond the dreams of history. All in all, it required a good deal of courage to reopen this most troublesome of all post-peace controversies—and it will take a quantity of hard work to push it to a satisfactory conclusion.

THE opening of Ontario's beer palaces has helped to promote the entente cordiale between Canada and the United States to a degree which merits the attention of all earnest internationalists. While the great falls were roaring and tumbling under their feet, honest American citizens crowded the bridge at Niagara with their persons and their automobiles. Gradually they picked their way into the dim halls where a beverage which is 4.4 percent anathema to Mr. Volstead foamed lustily in tall glasses. With the earnestness of people who had undertaken no vain pilgrimage, they quaffed, criticized, paid for, and enjoyed the blessings which the government of Ontario has once more provided for its faithful subjects. And to be sure they are not alone. In every city and hamlet along the border, the mighty rendezvous with beer proceeded. It was a red-letter day for the foot-free, the thirsty, the victims of an amended Constitution. We believe there is now some question about the morality of evading the Prohibition law in the United States; but certainly not even the virtuous need scruple to invade Canadian oases. And it would seem that thereby hangs a tale. The people of France would have no difficulty in paying their war debts if our law were amended to permit the sale and prohibit the manufacture of beverages, which even Mr. Bryan would approve if he knew them more intimately. It would be difficult to think of an adjustment of international financial troubles which could be swallowed with greater ease by ourselves and our friends. Doubtless also it would bring a smile of relief to the jaded features of M. Caillaux, whose financial magic is, after all, rather obvious.

ENGINEERING schools, which are now turning out the yearly harvest of graduates, might well stress the fact that modern civilization has furnished almost infinite scope for the imagination of the builder and developer. A recent conference at Michigan City, Indiana, has revived interest in a project, which, if carried through, promises to have almost as much influence on the status of the middle-west as the coming of the railroad had during a previous generation. This project is the building of the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Waterway. It is estimated that the total cost will be about $250,000,000—or considerably less than the sums needed to complete either of the great ocean canals; it is calculated that the economic gain will eventually make a quarter of a billion seem, by comparison, like a poor priest's Sunday collection. Were the Waterway completed, 80 percent of the world's merchant fleet could enter the Great Lakes; the cost of transportation would be lessened to an extent that would materially affect both the price of the staple farm products and the marketability of manufactured goods; and a considerable amount of railway congestion could be done away with. But though the promoters of the enterprise are interested chiefly in economic consequences, the social changes that might conceivably follow are just as interesting a topic for meditation. Direct contact with Europe might restore to the Mississippi Valley the cosmopolitan something that has been absent since the days of La Salle and the French forts. Chicago would, in all likelihood, acquire the round-the-world atmosphere

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that is now so noticeable a characteristic of New York. It is thinkable that even the provincial prejudice against "furreners" which recruits so many inland villagers for the Klan, might give way to an intelligent understanding of some aspects of European civilization which bewilder and distress many residents on the Lakes. But the Waterway will not be completed for some time, and certainly the results to be expected have cast no shadows before.

IT IS becoming pretty clear that no sociological problem in this country is more important than the deep-rooted lack of understanding between the rural districts and the great cities. Though we are not given to worry over the dictum "destroy the country, and grass will grow in the streets of your cities," the attitude of the American farmer towards himself and towards the nation is fast becoming a matter of deep concern. The social aspects of agricultural life, though they have been studied very little, are quite as important as the theatre or the Constitution. It is therefore interesting to chronicle the appearance of a first book on the subject, by Professor James Mickel Williams. Our Rural Heritage (soon to be reviewed in our pages) is a title calculated to arouse thought; and even if the author's observations are limited to those districts of the East which have been left comparatively untouched by immigration, his conclusions are worthy of note. Mr. Williams emphasizes the conservation of the agricultural mind—the scepticism with which it receives advice and scientific information —the reluctance of the individual to see his problems as part of the difficulties confronting his group. To some extent this conservatism may be attributed to retarded education and social loneliness; to some extent also it is the fault of our general outlook, which has hastened to accept industrialism so eagerly that it left rural life to carry on as best it could. Though a writer on the middle-west might possibly differ from Professor Williams in many respects, he would certainly agree on essentials. The time has come to look upon agriculture as something more than a scheme for driving pigs to market: it is a vast associative enterprise conducted by men and women who will not carry on unless the social circumstances of their lives are ameliorated. Pioneer days are done. The ancient urge to clear away the wilderness and create an estate is no longer a driving power to those who must carry the burden of a lower standard of living to earn a livelihood.

MAY 28 of this year was an anniversary of some interest to North America, since it was exactly 300 years since the first baronet of Nova Scotia was created in the person of one Robert Gordon; the first to plank down his payment of 3,000 marks for this distinction coupled, it must be admitted, with a grant of 16,000 acres of land—the property, of course, of the unhappy Micmacs—in what was then beginning to be called Nova Scotia. There probably was never a time when the monarchs of England, or those who speak in their name, were wholly insensible to the bait of cash for the grant of a title—but James I, unquestionably the meanest and most sordid of those monarchs, was certainly the first sovereign openly to put titles on the bargain counter—in the first instance in the shape of baronetcies of Ulster, a dignity which he invented in 1611, so that, as Chamberlain puts it, "the Kinge's wants might be much relieved out of the vanities and ambitions of the gentrie."

IT IS understood that the tariff has since gone up, but James's price was about six thousand dollars—that is, reckoning sterling of the period at its value today. Of course the amount should be multiplied at least by five or six, but even then it was a cheap price for a hereditary distinction. Having begun in this manner with Ireland, for ostensibly the sums paid were for the purpose of keeping up an army of occupation in Ireland to protect the Scotch settlers from the unhappy natives, who had been robbed of their lands, the canny monarch sought about for another source of the same character, and lit on Nova Scotia. Now James had granted that part of the world by charter to a Scotchman—one Sir William Alexander, afterwards created Earl of Stirling. It is quite unnecessary to say that James had no more right to make this grant than subsequent monarchs had to make grants of Virginia, Maryland, and other places whose real owners were the ancestors of those persons whom we now keep rather as if they were wild animals in a zoo. However James gaily granted the district to Alexander, and large areas of it to his new baronets, each of whom was to pay to him 2,000 marks, and to Alexander—the so-called owner of the land—1,000 marks.

JAMES died and went to his reward (whatever that may have been) and was succeeded by the unhappy Charles I, who, with all his numerous faults, was miles ahead of his unspeakable parent in every way, but resembled him in this—that he was always chronically in want of cash. Charles then took over the baronetcy scheme, and in 1625, on May 28, he sold the first of the Nova Scotian brand—an episode which has, so the papers tell us, been very properly commemorated by the unveiling of a memorial slab in the admirable museum at Annapolis Royal. The bait was considerable, for not only were there many acres of land with a hereditary title, but the charter specially provided that the baronet's eldest son was entitled to demand to be knighted as soon as he came of age. Nevertheless the scheme hung fire, and Charles in desperation wrote to the "Contractors for Baronets" (in other words the "bond-sellers" of the day who went out as "drummers" in this business transaction) that business

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must be promoted, and as an additional bait he added a handsome badge to be worn on public occasions to the other attractions.

JAMES I had laid it down that both classes of baronets were to be limited in number, but being the kind of man that he was, he would doubtless, had there been any considerable demand for them, have been perfectly willing to add indefinitely to the number. But the demand was not there—perhaps because the real gentry despised titles which were openly bought and sold over the counters of the "contractors," and Charles and his agents, rendered frantic by need of money, hawked the "distinction" about for almost any price. After the Restoration (how entertaining to know that even Cromwell sold baronetcies!) the price sank as low as £300—a sum which today would represent about $1,500. "Given away with a pound of tea,"—almost. When the union of England and Scotland came to pass in 1707, the creation of baronets of Nova Scotia came to an end, and, though there are a few left, most of the titles purchased have now lapsed. When the union with Ireland took place in 1800, baronets came to be styled "of the United Kingdom," and not "of Ulster," as heretofore—though they continued and still continue to bear an addition to their arms of the lamh dearg—the red hand of O'Neill. With the recent political changes in connection with those countries, the Knights of Saint Patrick have come to an end (or will come to an end as the existent knights die out) and possibly the connection of the red hand may also disappear.

UNDER the venerable vaults of Saint Peter's in Rome, rests the Swedish Queen Christina, far away from her native country and the resting-place of her predecessors and successors on the Swedish throne. The plain whitewashed tomb which up to now has covered her remains has recently been replaced by an imposing sarcophagus, giving a worthy monument to a woman, who dazzled her age not only by her royal splendor but still more by the lustre of her genius. The present Pope, Pius XI, has undertaken this restoration of the royal tomb, which is located in the part of the crypt called Grotte-vecchie. It is on the same level as the original Basilica of Saint Peter. Only Popes and the highest prelates rest in the crypt, but there are also some royalties of great prominence in the history of the Church buried there. The tomb of Queen Christina is situated close to one of the lateral altars; on the other side of the altar is the resting-place of the late Benedict XV. The new sarcophagus erected over the Swedish queen is in white marble, with a crowned bronze plate carrying the inscription—"D. O. M. Corpus Christinae Alexandrae Gothorum Suecorum Vandalorumque Reginae Obiit Die XIX Aprilis MDCLXXXIX." Thus rests in Rome, the centre of the Catholic world, among Popes and cardinals, the daughter of King Gustavus Adolphus—the champion of Lutheranism in the Thirty Years' War.

COLLEGE AND EMPTY POCKETS

IN SUMMING up certain of the educational plans now being considered by Notre Dame University, of which he has been the President, Reverend James Burns, C.S.C., stressed a topic which is fundamental in modern mass education. "All American colleges and universities," he said, "contain a number of young men who lack intellectual ambition or purpose. They go to college, not to study, but just to enjoy the experience of college life and to carry away a degree. College faculties are seriously grappling with the problem of what is to be done with students of this type. In a scholastic way, their presence is a real detriment. Nevertheless they are there, and they cannot easily be got rid of."

Then after enumerating several extremely interesting remedial devices under trial at leading American universities—for Father Burns has always been a foremost Catholic student of educational practice in our midst, and has shown almost heroic courage in opposing common sense to routine—he went on to suggest a helpful measure which ought to receive the most serious attention. "Our solution of this problem of student scholarship would be rendered easier if we could attract the brighter Catholic boys from the high schools in increased number," he declared. "Many such boys are drawn to non-Catholic institutions by the offer of scholarships or equivalent advantages. Many others are unable to go to college at all. There is an ever-growing number of Catholic parents who have the ambition to give their children a college education, but who cannot afford the entire cost. Talented minds are very numerous among boys of this class. Their presence in the college would strengthen immeasurably the spirit of study and scholarship. How shall we deal with the situation?"

The answer is, naturally enough, by inviting the donation of scholarships. But when we remember how true it is that the poor student has been from time immemorial the bulwark of university educational purpose, and when we recall that the low intellectual prestige of American Catholics has been the fruit of long-continued economic poverty which kept them from looking forward to, and entering cultural pursuits—we can very well see that the problem is too large for any one university and its alumni to settle.

An instance comes to mind. The pastor of a western parish had, himself, been a professor, and was keenly alive to the fact that, though many non-Catholic young people of the town were in attendance at various schools, not a boy in his little flock was in college. His eye fell upon a young chap who had carried off all the high school honors and whose mind

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was plainly extraordinary. Why not send him to a university? Unfortunately the lad was penniless; and though the good pastor was willing to set aside from his own salary a fraction which, all things considered, was very generous, the price of education was yet nowhere within reach. The young fellow will never see a degree or enter upon the career for which his talents had natively prepared him.

When we consider the waste of brains and moral energy which this situation means to the Catholic body of the United States—when we reflect that a remedy will not leap like a fountain out of the ground—it is clear that no helpful suggestion ought to be ignored. An experienced educator who requests that his name be withheld, offers one which we are glad to place before the readers of The Commonweal. If some such central educational agency as the National Welfare Committee has established could, with the support of the hierarchy, labor to collect a scholarship fund somewhat apportioned to the need, and correlate all other information concerning employment and assistance now available, it would be in a position to open the educational door to many a Catholic lad who will otherwise never get inside the higher schools. It could finance those who seemed most worthy of help; it could weigh the recommendations made by pastors and others throughout the United States; and it could see that the first-class boy in Albuquerque ought to be given a chance ahead of the mediocre chap in New York. Finding the right school and the right vocational road would also become much less difficult a process than now; and we might really have gone a step closer toward the conservation of our intellectual force. That this force is a vital necessity in times like these is a truth which constant repetition has made a platitude.

RE-READING ONE'S LIBRARY

THE morning mails bringing announcements—with subscription blanks—of the books of the season; the Saturday and Sunday newspapers bulging with publishers' advertisements, and articles on new (or what is worse) coming celebrities in literature; the radios buzzing with professionally fascinating talks on the new critics, plays and biographies; the picture supplements showing Lady Diana, the authoress, fondling her pet tigress or walking at Nice, Palm Beach, or Deauville with her latest matrimonial investment in the peerage—pursue the most retired and weary man of business or leisure into the very depths of his private den.

One of these social derelicts was recently yawning away a fine Sunday afternoon, when a small nephew looking up from his railroad tracks at the great bookshelves around the room, in a fit of absent-mindedness, contagious—temporarily—in the family group, asked blankly—

"Uncle Arthur, have you read all those books?"

"Most of them, Tommy."

"What a lot of things you must know, Uncle."

"Well, your grandfather got some of them; the rest are mine; I have read them but I don't remember much of what is in them."

"Why don't you read them again, Uncle?"

"That's an idea, my boy: it never struck me before." And reverie overspread the weary uncle's armchair, as his eyes wandered over the laden book-shelves.

Here were some three or four thousand books; some antique, some old-fashioned, some with the heavy savor of three or four years upon them—filed away, decorously dusted, staring down—the eternal records of the sages, poets, and scientists of the past, with faded faces of reproach upon the present, some of them self-conscious with the conviction that the verdict of time has been passed upon them, others still indignantly protuberant and demanding a recognition they have not received.

Who is going to read them? Their publishers are dead, dissolved or quit of the last copies of their editions. Their authors are no longer at the fashionable teas, the coffee-clubs or the bohemian suppers; a younger generation is jealously avid of the space in the newspapers and review sheets; what room, therefore, is left for Burton and his Anatomy of Melancholy—Thomas Brown and his learned essays—or Mrs. Trollope, or Hannah More, or Maria Edgeworth? Even Bulwer Lytton, Mayne Reid and Wilkie Collins are lapsing into the discard with Charlotte Graham and Ouida.

The pompous historians—Daubigny and his Inquisition—the Eber's historical novels—Blair and his Sublime and Beautiful lectures—with the sermons of forgotten parsons are arrayed in preparation for the dust and the bookworms.

Uncle Arthur gritted his teeth prepared to say "no," when his eyes wandered over the library table, heaped up with the latest offerings of the publishers—the heavy studies of international questions that never arrive at any solution; the stupid professional studies made up from newspaper reports on foreign countries; partial and faulty statistics; worthless authorities quoted on the most serious subjects; flashy pseudo-analytic novels published three per year by the reigning authors; war authorities whose campaigns were with the commissary department; or memoirs of generals, senators and cabinet ministers politely blacking their own boots in public, or splashing mudspots on their rivals and enemies—and then the woman-books; the deftness or the clumsiness at the cook-stove applied to the typewriter, and the book of poems or the best-seller; the radical, bobbed-hair, gum-chewing, pipe-smoking female of Montmartre or Greenwich Village loosed from her cage and kicking down the lamp-posts of civilization between the chapters of her novel or book of travel; the faded old maid with her blue cats,

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her book of Common Prayer bound up as a Spanish missal, an old altar lamp as her cigarette-lighter and a chaplet of jet beads around her neck, proclaiming herself a modern psychic in books like Five Minutes With the Mystics; Mysticism at the Lunch Hour, or Thrills from Assissi; sonnets by six-year-old infants; free verse by coal-heavers and haberdashers; Hindoo and Filipino agitators of sex, social, and political equalities—all the preposterous welter that is called modern thought and culture.

The "no" fell from Uncle Arthur's lips; he turned back weakly toward the old book-shelves, asking helplessly—"What shelf shall I begin with?"

THE TRUE ECONOMY

PERHAPS the most impressive remark of the famous Mrs. Partington was the one she made when they took her to Sandy Hook to look at the Atlantic Ocean. She said that she was glad to see, at last, something that there was enough of. The saying passed for very funny, forty or fifty years ago—but, like other American humor, it is more estimable for its acute observation and shrewd judgment of life than for its comicality. The fact is there is hardly anything in the world of which there is enough. In the etherial realm there is a scarcity of almost every valuable thing from spirituality to good humor; in the material field, not only butter and jam, but even plain bread runs short sometimes; there are times and places where pure water and fresh air are not to be had at any price.

But the sort of shortage we speak of here is not the famine kind, but the all-pervading insufficiency of desirable things which is in evidence from day to day, everywhere and always; which constantly hampers effort, kills enjoyment and creates nine-tenths of the discontent in which we live—and which, yet, is so nearly preventable. There is a great deal of talk, just now, about this phase of the universal shortage; but it is to be feared that too much stress is being laid upon one remedy, and that, though a good one, is not the most efficient.

It is plain to everyone that there are two ways of solving the evil of deficiency in the desirable things of life: one is to make more, and the other is to consume less. The latter seems so easy that the mind naturally turns to it. Of late there has been quite an agitation for its development. President Coolidge, with many wise sayings and his regrettable last year's hat, has set the country, or at least the Dr. Cranes and other threadbare wiseacres, to urging economy. Now, economy is a very good thing when it is not overdone. But just as soon as it begins to conflict with the real values of life—comfort, enjoyment, decorum, beauty—it is on the border line of drifting into a vice. Rushing into indulgences beyond one's means or reasonable rights is a serious economic and moral offense; but self-privation in a mere spirit of saving is apt to be paltry and injurious, and in the long run, the most expensive sort of economy. Reasonable expenditure for profit, for enjoyment, to preserve a proper standard of appearances, is never foolish and never wrong, so long as the means are available. And the principle extends from the individual to the state and the nation. We should have every good and truly ornamental thing that we are able to pay for.

Then, how are we to meet the universal deficiency? How are we to use the good and beautiful things of the world to our hearts' desire and not exhaust the supply? The answer is easy. It is by producing them more industriously and more efficiently, and by wisely planning them so that they may be of long service to us with reasonable care and sane use. The real economy of which the world stands in need—no country more than our own—is conscientious labor skilfully applied under intelligent conditions. There are indeed, wide regions where mere effort is pushed to its limit, but too often it is rendered futile by conditions. The Greek peasant who every spring carries up the mountain side to his terraced farm the soil which the winter rains have washed down into the valley, leads a life of hideous waste. He comes to Long Island and at once becomes wealthy.

But how much more direful is the case of the trained, "enlightened," and emancipated artisan who takes advantage of a false theory and an artificial atmosphere to sit in front of an incomparable machine and deliberately limit his day's production to three or four-fifths of what he could accomplish without strain or injury? What must we think of an industrial system which compels men to limit their effort, their product, and their earnings in the interest of the most incapable of their fellows? The man in the street speaks bitterly of that sad phase of the labor-union spirit which discourages maximum production. He is right; but is there not too much of the same spirit in all classes? There was a time—not so long ago—when it was the effort of a majority of men to accomplish as much as they could in their daily lives, and they virtually gave up all their days to that end. That was a waste, too, the waste of the chance to enjoy life.

But now, human ingenuity enables anyone to make a fair product in a few hours' time; by a curious perversion of ideas, only the odd man here and there will put into these few hours the same earnestness of purpose and vigor of action that his father or grandfather cheerfully exercised all day.

The world needs more good things—from cereals to symphony concerts. How shall it be done? Will wearing a collar once too often, or patching an old shoe bring joy and plenty to the millions of our great cities and spreading fields? We think not. If the people want more of everything or anything, they must find the source of supply in themselves. They must use their powers with economy; that is, with prodigality.

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IS THERE A CHRISTIAN SOCIOLOGY?

By PATRICK J. WARD

JUDGING from recent negotiations between the advanced wing of the Anglican church and the Catholic authorities, the main idea which proposes to be an insuperable barrier to the one and only satisfactory solution, is the idea of compromise. There is indeed a tacit acknowledgment among "Anglo-Catholics," that in the Catholic Church obedient to the See of Rome is a repository of truth of a consistency and historic authenticity not to be found outside it; but that it is only a modicum of truth seems hardly in doubt. Naturally such a view seriously hampers the Anglican mind in attempts to reach the truth, and also in the effort to formulate a doctrine for application to religious, moral, and social problems. It is with the latter that Arthur J. Penty has occupied himself in his recent book, Towards a Christian Sociology.

It is not surprising then to find Mr. Penty unaware that the key to social problems lies in Catholic teaching. In the complete and perfect spiritual organization of the Church, everything is taken into account affecting humanity in body, as well as in spirit. It is the industrialism of a century past in the setting prepared for it by capitalism and the Reformation, that has forced the sociological issue to the front—and so it has been only in comparatively recent years that this call on the Church for the bodily welfare of mankind has been urgent. One cannot read the Rerum Novarum and come to the conclusion that a Christian sociology is yet to be formulated.

Mr. Penty takes his bearings from the sociological position, and from that alone. Religion and sociology he considers equally important branches of the same tree—rather than trunk and branch—and he is most anxious to press religion into the service of sociology. He holds that the failure of religion to be at all times the handmaid of sociology, is a mistake of capital importance, laying stress on the view that "on the sociological side of Christianity, no systematic body of doctrine was built up corresponding to its carefully formulated theology." To this alleged failure to set up a social code he attributes a suppositious disappearance of a faith in an early establishment of the Kingdom of God on earth—or in other words, in a millennium—a visionary and emotional interpretation severely condemned by the Fathers, and of which, in our own prosaic age, we get occasional and somewhat dramatic reminders. He secondly accuses Saint Augustine of contributing to this state of mind by a fatal divorce of the material and the spiritual. He repeatedly charges the Saint with being affected with Manichaean dualism.

Most of the criticism to which the work under discussion is open, arises from the lack of understanding of the Kingdom of God on earth—the reef on which many, with less acumen and sympathy than Mr. Penty, have been shipwrecked.

His arraignment of Saint Augustine's De Civitate Dei Contra Paganos, brings out even more acutely that fundamental error into which all but the truly Catholic mind must sooner or later fall. I mean the failure to comprehend in the Catholic Church that perfect society, founded by Christ in the clearest terms, guaranteed freedom from all error, and lasting till the consummation of the world. This is the Kingdom of God upon earth, the "mundus salvatus" of Saint Augustine, and the accepted belief and teaching not merely of Augustine (Mr. Penty attributes it to him as a fount of corruption) but of all the early Fathers and the Apostles, who from the very beginning used the term "Church" as interchangeable with the "Kingdom of God." Further, in comparing Saint Augustine and Manes, Mr. Penty evidently confuses two distinct doctrines—one, the dualism of philosophy on which is founded the Catholic's belief in an after life of the body and soul, to participate in which makes him in this life a valuable citizen and a constructive unit in civilization—the other, the Manichaean dualism of theology, with two eternal and ever-warring principles of good and evil, constituting that fatalism which makes salvation impossible, deprives man of hope, and renders him dangerous to religious, social, and political formation. It is certainly difficult to follow our writer when he says that "the teachings of Saint Augustine, so far from being of any service to us in this task [of saving civilization] it is from the very consequences of his teaching that we need to be saved"—especially after informing us earlier that in seeking for that on which to rest our social system "like Saint Augustine we find it in Christian doctrine."

The defense of that precious heritage was the first and major task of the early Church. The period of the Catacombs and the "Christians to the lions," left little leisure for concentration on social ethics. The influence of the incidents of Christ's ministry and the culmination of Calvary over the thought and action of the early Christian—the love and sacrifice engendered by a common faith—supplied what no social formula of itself could furnish. Official recognition in the fourth century gave Christianity no security in which to concentrate on social exigencies. Arianism, denying the divinity of Christ, was making tremendous assaults on the citadel; and we have only to pause for a moment on these resuscitated heresies today to realize that their triumph would have meant the downfall of Christianity, and the disintegration of the moral and social order. Even the first Christian emperors—self-styled

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"bishops of the exterior," with a mistaken view of their place in the Catholic hegemony, gave but a wavering support to a system out of harmony with the traditions of the Roman civil law. It is clear then that social salvation in the fullest and not the purely materialistic sense, rested on the establishment of doctrine, and on the successful organization of the Church as the permanent framework on which to erect a Christian society. We have but to turn to the records of the Church's growth in America to appreciate this, comparing the various stages from early days of martyrdom and suffering for the faith, the founding and growths of little poverty-stricken Catholic communities, the building of churches and schools, down to the present moment when, the Church's organization being secure, she is applying exactly the same principles to social and political betterment that she did in the days of decadent Rome.

We have referred to the traditions of the Roman civil law, generally recognized among historians and jurists as that principle making the ruler a repository and dispenser of those completely abrogated rights of the people, which they are presumed to have reposed in him. The stages through which this exercise of power, once real and abiding in Greek and Roman democracy, passed, through the Roman lawyers to the sceptre of the Caesars, down through Henry IV, Barbarossa and Frederick II, and the kings of France to its latest manifestation in Wilhelm II of Germany, make one of the most interesting studies in historical jurisprudence. Absolutism is the child of the Roman idea, and the jus naturale was plainly fathered on it in order to legitimatize it. To say, then, as Mr. Penty does, that the jus naturale of the Christian Fathers is simply the Roman product Christianized, betrays a lack of understanding of the implications of both. To the Fathers, the law of nature was God-made, and written by Him on men's hearts, antecedent to all positive law. Its principles are rationally apprehended and therefore peculiar to man—not common to man and beast as the Roman believed. It is out of harmony then with historic evidence to lay the mischief of absolutism to papal claims—or to say that "the Papacy was the first force to tread the road that leads away from the mediaeval to the modern world." Gregory VII's struggle with Henry IV is a notable refutation. The whole spirit of Gregory's letters and claims breathes recognition of Henry's just powers and authority. Gregory's assertion "that for all time and in every place Christ appointed Peter prince over all the kingdoms of the earth," was simply enforcing the principle that all rulers must acknowledge the sovereignty of Christ, not making their own will supreme, but being guided by the law of God as announced to him by the successor of Saint Peter.

"The Pope," says Hergenother, "who possessed *no material power,* and who relied for support upon *moral principle alone,* must have meant that the law of God should everywhere be revered and obeyed: to enforce this was not only his right but his most solemn duty."

This is the genesis of so-called papel absolutism—the right to insist on the fulfilment of God's law—a right and a duty which every Pope exercises to this moment. And papal absolutism can hardly be said to operate just now. These charges of absolutism are all exploded myths, answered over and over again by men like Hefele, Bossuet, Dollinger, Schulte, Walter, etc. But Mr. Penty takes the feet from under his proposition when he tells us that the Papacy would most likely have succeeded in suppressing the study of Roman law, but for the fact that it made a special appeal to the mediaeval king. "Remembering these things," he says, "it can occasion no surprise that a system of law which made law dependent on the will of the sovereign, clothing him with unlimited power, and supreme authority, should have had a very strong appeal for monarchs who were faced with the problem . . . of counteracting the unruly elements in feudalism on the one hand, and of maintaining their position against the absolutist demands of the Papacy on the other." The charge of papal absolutism, supported as it is by virtually no reliable historic evidence, can hardly stand up when we pause to consider the peculiar attractions of absolutism for the monarchy. Incidentally, Mr. Penty gives an opinion, which is supported by certain contemporary authorities, that the Roman law had more influence in feudal England than it is usually credited with. He cites as extraordinary phenomena, feudalism in England replaced by landlordism, and the divorce of rights and duties; legalization of usury; price speculation; enforced contracts; a centralized state as against corporate bodies—and he accredits Roman law with these revolutionary changes from mediaeval times. But the whole body of English juridical opinion—Maine, Pollock, Sidgwick, Bruce, etc., is against this implication. Where, then, are we to seek the origin of these changes? They are to be found not in the Roman law, but in the Reformation. These are all the characteristics of capitalism which supplanted the distributive state in England at the suppression of the monasteries and the disruption of the Church. The lands of these organizations stayed, not in the hands of the king who had seized them, but slipped from his grasp into the hands of an increasingly powerful aristocracy.

Mr. Penty's misunderstanding of Catholic philosophy is even more apparent when he comes to the economic factors—the just price and the workings of usury. Here again he insists on an aspect of religion purely utilitarian from a social viewpoint; but he cannot claim, as in the early days of Christianity, the absence of a definitive social philosophy. The social philosophy of Aquinas proceeds from an ethical and a metaphysical cause—without which no social philosophy can have life. It is a systematic and coherent part

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of the whole scholastic system. Consequently obedience to the teachings of the Gospel, and an understanding of the metaphysical reality of the individual, are a condition precedent to the maintenance of any social doctrine. As Maurice de Wulf points out, questions of social, economic, or political bearing, are all approached from the standpoint of moral and natural law rather than of positive law; and in this, as in nature, the only things admitted are those necessitated by the rationale of the conception. Every constitution or system requires an application and interpretation. Mr. Penty then ought not to be surprised if Saint Thomas lays down no specific economic formula to ensure a just price. To conclude, however, from its absence that Saint Thomas did not understand that a low commercial morality will ruin a higher one, is straining our credulity and intelligence to the breaking point. It would have been waste of time on the part of Saint Thomas to lay down economic rulings without the stability of a moral foundation.

In his treatment of usury Mr. Penty walks around the vital point in the same way. Usury was a fact from pagan times, and its only permanent cure was to be found in educating the mind of man to view it from the moral standpoint. The same is true in regard to slavery.

The formulation of positive law for the community and closer attention to the material interests, are not elements which make men good citizens. Regeneration is of the inner man. In the pre-Christian age we had Sophism, "calculated for active life and the exigencies of the moment;" Hedonism and Epicurism, in the sensual pleasures at hand; Scepticism, rejecting all certainty; Platonism, and its destruction by the state of the weak and unfit; and Stoicism, with its triumphant materialism, its iron law of necessary consequence, and its abnegation of liberty. These are the worm-eaten foundations on which neo-paganism is frantically striving to set up the social and political institutions of our children.

THE CHURCH IN FRANCE

By DENIS GWYNN

CANON ERNEST DIMNET'S reply to my article on the Church in France raises a controversy of such importance, if we are to form any clear appreciation of what is happening in France, that I ask permission to carry the discussion further.

The indignation of so well informed a publicist as Canon Dimnet at being confronted with what he evidently regarded as an article based upon second hand evidence appearing in the English press, does not surprise me. But readers of The Commonweal scarcely need the assurance that no article would be presented to them which was not based upon a reasonably comprehensive acquaintance with the facts. I plead guilty to having made a slip about the date of the separation of Church and State; which was neither 1909 (as I said) nor 1903 (as is stated by a misprint in Canon Dimnet's article) but 1905. But my inaccuracy does not affect the main argument any more than does the misprint in Canon Dimnet's reply.

The main problem is whether the anti-Catholic forces in France are, or are not, so strong that the present movement of resistance by the Catholic organizations is less likely to succeed than to produce reprisals from the government. Canon Dimnet and I are in conflict partly because we evidently do not mean the same thing when speaking of the "French Catholics." I could not attempt to explain in an article how I arrived at the conclusion that the Catholics are a small minority in France as a whole, and are in a majority only in a few provinces. I can only refer Canon Dimnet to the exhaustive inquiry into the number of practising Catholics in France made by the Vicomte d'Avenel, and to M. Georges Goyau's estimate that the Catholics are perhaps ten millions out of forty, and perhaps no more than five.

Again, in referring to the north of France, I meant, not two departments out of ninety, but broadly what anyone looking at the map of France would call the north, as distinct from the east and south-east, and centre and west and south-west. I doubt whether the Canon's statement that, even in the Nord and the Pas de Calais, the Catholics are "an admirably organized majority," can be taken literally in the sense that the number of practising Catholics (even using the term quite widely) is a majority. As for the centre of France, everybody knows that there are very important Catholic centres in a few cities like Orleans or Tours.

But I am not convinced when Canon Dimnet quotes as proof of their influence that M. Chautemps once told him that in Tours he had been described as "the archbishop's candidate." Frankly, the statement seems to me wildly paradoxical. M. Chautemps, who is the mayor of Tours, is a prominent Freemason and was Minister for Home Affairs in M. Herriot's cabinet. In that capacity he instituted the inquiry all over France into the state of the religious orders, with a view to reviving the pre-war legislation to banish those who were not authorized and to restrict the number of those who are permitted to remain. Nothing has done more to spread the Catholic agitation of resistance through the country than the activity of these agents making inquiries in all the convents and hospitals and religious establishments in every part of

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France. In M. Herriot's government the two ministers most prominently identified with the policy of renewing the old attack upon the Church were M. Chautemps and M. François Albert, the Minister for Education. I confess that I know nothing of the circumstances under which M. Chautemps came to be described as "the archbishop's candidate" in Tours. But I cannot imagine that he is so described nowadays, nor that the Catholics, if they did support him, have any reason to feel satisfied with their previous support. In fact, it was only a few months ago that one of the deputy-mayors in Tours wrote a furious letter to M. Chautemps tendering his resignation, because M. Chautemps as mayor of Tours had allowed a lecture to be given in the Town Hall, for which handbills were widely distributed beforehand, to announce that the lecturer would prove that Catholic priests are "traitors and immoral persons and hypocrites."

I insisted upon the numerical weakness of the Catholics because this appears to me to be a vital factor in estimating the probable success or failure of the Catholic resistance in the near future. I have no doubt whatever that the Church will ultimately triumph, through the steady progress of the Catholic revival, of which I attempted to give a documented account in my recent book—The Catholic Reaction in France. But in the meantime the fact of their being in a minority throughout France leaves them at a grave disadvantage.

As for the present government and its intentions towards the Church, Canon Dimnet has clearly misunderstood my meaning through assuming that I was writing without recent information since I left France. I never suggested (what he appears to have thought I meant) that "the Church is now attacked by one prime minister because she unwisely threw in her lot with another." I never even said that the Church as such threw in its lot with Poincaré or Millerand. But what must strike any foreigner who follows French affairs closely is that the popular Catholic organizations in France are mainly led by public men who are completely committed to the support of the nationalists as against the present majority in the Chambre. Those newspapers which are the recognized advocates of the Catholic resistance (the Figaro and the Echo de Paris, the Eclair and others, besides the Croix, to say nothing of the Royalist Action Française) have all supported M. Poincaré and M. Millerand against the Bloc des Gauches; while General de Castelnau, who is surely the acknowledged leader of the Catholic resistance (since he is president of the new Catholic Federation and is the chief speaker at all principal Catholic meetings) was one of the leading figures in the Bloc National in the last Chambre until he lost his seat. Next to General de Castelnau the most important speakers at the Catholic meetings are the Abbé Bergey, who was elected as a Nationalist candidate in the Gironde, and M. Jean Guiraud, editor of the Croix, which has never disguised its whole hearted support of M. Poincaré's Nationalist policy. For further confirmation of my very obvious contention that the leading Catholic figures are almost all supporters of the Poincaré policy, I can only refer Canon Dimnet, or anyone who is interested, to the files of the Croix newspaper for the past three years, and to the numerous speeches which have been made by bishops and priests and Catholic laymen all over France.

Knowing that the Bloc des Gauches would attempt to renew an attack on the Church if it came back to power, this support of the Bloc National by the Catholics was mere common sense. But that is not to say that M. Herriot and M. Painlevé are now attacking the Catholics simply because they supported M. Poincaré. I do not believe, as Canon Dimnet suggests, that the Catholics have themselves produced the present revival of hostilities. But what I do say, with all respect to Canon Dimnet (for whose knowledge and gifts as a publicist I have the very highest regard) is that M. Herriot as the leader of the Bloc des Gauches has been deliberately inciting the Catholics to revolt in the hope that he could thus force them to forestall his own direct attack by defying the government in advance. That is precisely what the Catholics have done.

M. Herriot, according to Canon Dimnet, has astonished everybody by undertaking an attack on the Church simply because the 225 Freemason atheists in the Chambre forced him against his better judgment into doing so. With all respect, I doubt whether all French Catholics were as astonished as was Canon Dimnet. No one who read the speeches and the programs of the Bloc des Gauches could well have expected anything else, unless he were convinced that M. Herriot and his friends are prepared to regard the preservation of French unity as more important than their desire to attack the Church. Canon Dimnet is apparently disillusioned. But many French Catholics never had any illusions on the subject at all. They believed that the Bloc des Gauches meant what it said in demanding the abolition of the Vatican embassy and the enforcement of the old pre-war laws against the religious orders. They believed in fact that the Bloc des Gauches was incapable of placing the safety of France before its own hatred of the Church. There is no difficulty in quoting plenty of Catholic opinions to this effect; and events have not proved them wrong.

I agree fully that the Catholics were bound to resist. They have in fact produced such formidable opposition already in the parts of France where they are in a majority, especially in Brittany and the Pyrenees, that any government will have immense difficulty in enforcing the anti-Catholic laws against them. But that is not to say that the battle has been won. In most of France the laws could even now be en-

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forced without serious trouble. And it is too soon to say with assurance that M. Herriot has not succeeded, in what I still suggest has been a deliberate part of his policy—to revive the old hatred of the Church in France as a live issue which would rally all the old anti-Catholic forces to the support of the Bloc des Gauches, if another election is to be held in this year or next. It would be rash indeed to prophesy, even after the election of Hindenburg to the German Presidency, that the Right is certain to win again in France. The mere fear of a victory for the Right may deter the Senate from challenging the Chambre so as to produce a new election, just as the same fear may compel the Left majority in the Chambre to avoid a rupture with the Senate.

And without a new Chambre in which the Right would be in a majority, the Catholics are still exposed to the danger of a gradual revival of the prewar laws against the Church. M. Painlevé's ministerial statement leaves no doubt of this. But to my mind the supreme achievement of the Catholic agitation for defense is the fact that it has immensely increased the vitality of the Catholic forces. Even if the Grand Orient can succeed in driving the Bloc des Gauches to enforce the old laws against the Church, the Catholic revival will yet have gained immeasurably from this recent movement of Catholic defense. And the day of the Church's ultimate triumph, apart from all questions of politics, is thus brought nearer by a great stride.

A MIRACLE IN MANHATTAN

THE news despatches of this week from Rome, describing the imposing ceremonies for the canonization of Madeleine Sophie Barat, the foundress of the Order of the Sacred Heart, concluded with the simple yet striking statement that one of the two major miracles presented in the cause of Mother Barat's canonization took place in the City of New York, "on the Island of Manhattan."

Manhattan Island was the scene of a miracle—not Lourdes, not one of the famous shrines of sanctity, but the centre of the world's most highly organized electrified modern life. A thought to give pause to our racing and heedless modern minds—an event which, had it occurred as an event of modern science rather than of ancient faith, would have covered the front pages of our newspapers and been hailed as a happening of world importance. As is so frequently the case in the inner and spiritual life of a great city, however, the occurrence of this miracle was not mentioned in the press. For it so happens that the ways of the Church in such matters are not the ways of the dealers in scientific sensations. The Church is vastly more cautious than the discoverers of an alleged tuberculosis serum in proclaiming the validity of events which so singularly link the present with the apostolic past.

No word of this event was given to the press and the apparently miraculous cure had first to be subjected to every possible scientific check. Then, when all the data that science could furnish had been accumulated, further testimony had to be submitted to the searching cross-questioning of the final court at Rome. To many it may seem a paradox that the methods of the Church in examining an alleged miracle should be vastly more exacting and truly scientific than the methods of so many experimenters in the scientific treatment of disease. Now, however, several years after the event, the word has been passed to the public press, including the names of those most closely concerned. We feel this is a fitting moment to lay before the readers of The Commonweal the exact circumstances of a happening so dramatic and so startling to the imagination of the average New Yorker of today. We give below the simple facts without comment or embellishment.

The subject of this cure, which took place on the feast-day of Mother Barat, May 24, 1919, is Sister Rose Coyne, a lay sister of the Sacred Heart Order, born at Albany, New York, on March 19, 1887. The history of her family shows the following facts. Both her parents died of pulmonary tuberculosis. Through the same disease she lost three of her brothers at the ages of eighteen, twenty-four and forty-seven, as well as two of her sisters. It may be assumed, therefore, that Sister Coyne was somewhat frail and delicate herself and inherited a tendency to tuberculosis.

A careful examination of witnesses discloses the fact that from the age of fourteen years, her family, being concerned about her health, had her examined by the family physician who noted a poor development of the chest, and who stated that the condition of her lungs was alarming. From the age of sixteen to twenty-one, she was always delicate and sickly, and subject to frequent catarrhal bronchitis. Fearing that she, too, would become a victim of tuberculosis, her family had her examined by another doctor who prescribed fresh air and a wholesome diet. In 1908 she was accepted as a candidate for admission to the Convent of the Sacred Heart, but with considerable hesitation due to the family history. During the whole of her novitiate, however, and the year following, she was able to conform in every way to the regulations of the community, and was, therefore, admitted.

In 1909 Sister Coyne was examined for the first time by the regular physician of the sisterhood, Dr. Joseph Egan, who noted the first symptoms of tuberculosis on the extremity of the lungs. By 1912 the first outward symptoms of the malady were noted—increasing weakness, a serious anæmic condition, a stubborn

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cough, serious digestive disturbances, and a fever which, though slight at first, continued steadily to increase. In this year she was ordered by the doctor to sleep in a room alone, and to have everything belonging to her kept carefully separate to avoid any spread of contagion. She was also ordered to have a special diet, plenty of fresh air, and rest from the regular routine of community life.

By 1913 the malady grew worse. The condition of general and local health deteriorated, and Sister Coyne complained of pains in her lungs, her side, and back —and of general weakness. She was obliged to yield to the regular care of the hospital nurse. During 1914 she was out of the infirmary only a few weeks of the entire year, forced to remain in bed almost continually. There were other distinct signs of organic deterioration. By 1916 her condition had become very serious indeed, with repeated hemorrhages, and all the usual symptoms of a very serious case of tuberculosis.

In 1918 further symptoms developed, including so severe a swelling of the legs that they became almost without sensation. This was attributed largely to a weakness of the heart, but it may also have been a sign of the spread of the tubercular condition to the kidneys. At this time the physician believed that she was already very near her end, and declared her to be beyond hope of recovery or medical assistance. On Friday, May 23, 1919, the mistress of the lay sisters at Manhattanville Convent, suggested to Sister Coyne that she make a special novena to Blessed Madeleine Sophie, foundress of the order, whose feast was to be celebrated the following day. The patient readily consented, and at four o'clock in the afternoon, took a small relic of Mother Barat, and with great physical difficulty went to the chapel to pray for a cure, making in particular a promise that if she should be cured, she would resume at once the full vigor of the community life.

She repeated the prayers of the novena nine times, but after each visit to the chapel, instead of noting any improvement, she felt worse and was gripped even more seriously by her cough. That evening she went to bed at half-past seven,and strangely enough went to sleep immediately—a thing that had not happened to her for several years. At four in the morning, a time when she was usually attacked by a hemorrhage, she woke feeling for the first time in years a sense of pulsing life and vitality. When she arose at half-past five, at the hour prescribed by the nurse, she found herself completely cured. From that moment her cough ceased—she had no more panting breath, no more sense of weakness, and the swelling in her legs had disappeared entirely.

On this same day, she resumed at once the full community life, beginning with the packing of several trunks. Her full appetite had returned, she slept well at night and worked continuously every day without fatigue. In a few weeks she had gained twelve pounds in weight, and there were other marked signs of organic improvement.

Although a thorough medical examination led the attending physician to believe that she had been cured, it was several months before he would pronounce it a definite cure. Moreover, X-ray pictures were made of the lungs which showed them to be in a condition of perfect health—revealing, however, the scars of the severe tuberculosis which had previously attacked her.

Sister Coyne is today a member of the community at the Noroton, Connecticut, convent of the Sacred Heart, and in the six years which have elapsed since her cure there has been no sign of a return of the disease. So far as medical examinations before and after the cure, and the best scientific facts furnished by the several tests, are concerned, there can be no question that the cure of Sister Coyne was both instantaneous and permanent.

The climax to this event, as we have stated, occurred in Rome last Sunday with the final ceremony of the canonization of Mother Barat, in proof of whose sanctity this modern miracle on Manhattan was offered as one of the major evidences. In a case of this sort, further comment would serve only to detract from the value of established facts.

Song

Take me and bind me grief
And goad my heart with fears;
Quench every little flame of joy
With tears.

Try each keen way you know,
Use every subtle art . . .
You cannot kill the song within
My heart!

JOHN RICHARD MORELAND.

A New Orleans Balcony—1880

In simple muslin delicately dressed,
Fair and receptive for her husband's beckoning,
She stands on the grilled balcony that overlooks
The square and the Cathedral, lovely beyond reckoning,
With palm trees against the scarlet west,
And a great sunset going down in Orleans bay.

The mariners are due at home again,
In those low rolling vessels from the far away,
That raise glad masts like the Cathedral spire,
Over a cargo that is brought by men.

Ashore. Behold. It is a sight to take the voyage-tire
From Captain's heart, and to his head like wine,
To see her standing on the balcony,
Wrought pillars, valences of iron tracery,
Framing her like the borders of a valentine!

DOROTHY HAIGHT.

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ANATOLE FRANCE IS NOT FRANCE

II. THE IMMORALIST

By JULES BOIS

I SHALL venture to take up the two organic defects of Anatole France's work—and I do this reluctantly. These two evils implicating each other—the one moral, the second intellectual—immoralism and nihilism—are in fact the reasons why, despite his talent, his cleverness, and the most enlightening culture (Catholic education and humanistic training) his intellect withered as age came on, and failed to attain the heights to which it was, perhaps, destined.

Let us begin with the first evil. Anatole France is not only immoral—he is an immoralist. Not content with picturing scenes that deprave the imagination, he dissolves the capacities of resistance, he enfeebles the "censor" in those who submit to the charm of his cadence and suggestion. In his very earliest works, Anatole France sat at the feet of Renan, the Renan of La Vie de Jésus and L'Abbesse de Jouarre. His drama, Les Noces Corinthiennes, pictured the supernatural from the angle of natural wisdom; and the deity to whom he bowed was the ancient Eros, the first avatar of Pan, the cosmic god. With his first volume of verses, Les Poèmes Dorés, he declared himself a rationalistic and neo-pagan aesthete. But at that time he maintained a wholly French moderation, bedecking the idol which afterwards was to appear snickering and nude.

Of this Anatole France, then incompletely expressed, restrained, and at times exquisite, I wrote toward the end of the last century—

> In the silent nave of libraries, surrounded by neatly labeled books, buried in an atmosphere of learning and meditation—or in the autumnal parks, when the leaves are slowly and gently falling from the trees like the illusions from sceptic souls, how pleasant it is to read the bantering and caressing pages, always irreproachable in style, of which Anatole France is lavish. Not much remains still standing, when the reading is finished. However one is under an irresistible spell.

In Les Poèmes Dorés, we see already the dawn of his fundamental naturalism.

> But the vague beauty of glances, whence comes it—
> To illumine, in passing, with so much hope, our brow?
> And why do we dream of immortal light
> Looking into eyes whose light will die?
>
> O Woman, who endowed you with that sacred radiance
> With which you have blessed the fervor of my eyes?
> And whence is it that following you, adorable guide,
> I feel within me a mysterious god?

Listen to the ironic reprimand, softly yet stubbornly murmured into the ears of Sylvestre Bonnard, learned exegete and man of duty, by a little fairy sitting astride the big tome of Munster's Cosmogony—

> Monsieur Sylvestre Bonnard, you are nothing but an old dry-bones. I had always suspected it. The smallest urchin, running around the street with his shirt-tail showing through his trousers, knows me better than all the spectacled gentlemen of your institutes and academies. Knowledge is nothing; imagination is everything. Nothing exists, except what we imagine. Someone dreams me, and I appear. There is nothing but dream and since nobody dreams of you, Sylvestre Bonnard, you see, you don't exist. I charm the world. I am everywhere, on the moonbeam, in the gurgle of the hidden stream, in the singing murmur of the foliage, in the white morning vapors, which rise from the meadows and heath, everywhere. I am seen and I am loved. They sigh after me, they tremble at the light trace of my footsteps, which set the dead leaves singing. I bring smiles to little children; I give wit to the dullest nurses. Bending over their cradles, I cozen, I console, I touch to sleep. And you doubt that I exist? Sylvestre Bonnard, your good, warm lounging robe covers the hide of an ass.

Up to this point, whatever regret one may feel in not hearing the firm tone of loftier truths, one can still enjoy the flute-like melodies of this elegant Marsyas.

But, as the audience grew and his confidence in himself gathered strength, his manner changed. Eros materialized into Cupid,—then the hideous libido came upon the scene. A lethal simoon passed over the garden of Epicurus, turning it into an artificial oasis nurturing red lilies surrounded by sterile desert.

In every neo-pagan there lurks a dormant faun, ready to leap. "Let us eat and drink"—such is the program of Jerome Coignard and Frère Ange. "Let us gambol and play the fool," is the injunction of the naïve Jacques Tournebroche, and Docteur Trublet, "graduate in human nature." In 1793, at the time of the Terror, when the freedom of the nation and the future of mankind were at stake, Elodie was the supreme Nirvana of Evariste Gamelin, a member of the revolutionary tribunal, and disciple of Robespierre. On his way to the guillotine, Evariste did not think of France nor of the Revolution; he was hypnotized by the red carnation which Elodie threw toward him from the window. "O madness!" exclaims Paphnutius, "I dream of God, of the salvation of my soul, of life eternal—as if all that counted for anything when I have seen Thais." Were it not for the Mater Saeva Cupidinum, life and after-life, idealism and democracy,

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God and nature, are "senseless and no more than an evil dream."

We are anxious to be fair to Anatole France. Like all of us, as we approach the fifties, he passed through that crisis which determines the orientation of the remainder of life. Men, also, have their dangerous age, and this turning point is sometimes more tragic than in the case of women. The Anacreon of the Quai Malaquais experienced his psychologic and ethical crisis at about the same age and the same time as did Huysmans; but from that point, they drifted in opposite directions, Anatole France chose the boudoir and the public meetings of Trade-Unionists and Communists, while Huysmans went to the cathedral and the monastery. We know that attention is given today to the problem of the divided self. At a certain age it must be solved in one way or another; Huysmans turned toward Christ and order; Anatole, on the other hand, adopted Cupid and demagogy.

France describes the passions of the intellectuals and idle rich; or the escapades of roués and libertines. As Mr. Reginald J. Dingle states in the London Month—"the beauty of Anatole is not a healthy beauty." From adventures à la Faublas, which he relates, the author extracts a mental alcohol, or a drug to make us forget this world which he pronounced evil and preposterous. The noble rapture, he does not admit, and he despises simple nature—which at least has the excuse of being in harmony with the laws of the species.

No one expected Anatole France to be a puritan or a professor of virtue; nor did anyone expect him to play the angel; but this professional mocker goes so far as to preach a deleterious gospel to minds easily deceived.

Our literature, even the boldest, has on the whole nothing unwholesome in it. Its very sincerity contributes to its soundness. This temperate liberty even has the advantage of saving us from sentimentalism and forced romanticism, dangerous because they soil and harden the youthful imagination, as happens in the case of the movies and other theatrical and bookish productions of the Anglo-Saxon peoples. That this liberty is sometimes abused, I do not deny; but moderation being a French characteristic, these excesses remain exceptions which confirm the rule.

Bonaventure Des Perriers, Marie de Navarre, Brantome, Lafontaine and de Maupassant, in their stories, were Gallic; with them what some would call indecency was simply an outburst of nature—a sort of spontaneous paganism—perhaps a superabundance of good health. Temperament and humor they have, and their animality shocks us without corrupting us. This Gallic intemperance belongs to the Greco-Latin races; but the works of Anatole France in his last manner, are no longer Gallic or Greco-Latin. When they return to the past, they reflect Petronius or other authors of the decadence, with the addition of salacity derived from a source, poisoned the more astutely because the corruptor, having been a Christian, knows better what vitiates. His sensualism is erudite—carefully premeditated. His is a perfidious counsel. According to the remark of Mr. Stuart P. Sherman, no other "apostle of a new and modern culture attempts to allure disciples with promise of a soft life. Even our contemporary Mr. Mencken, like his master Nietzsche, summons his followers to live 'martially' in the presence of professors, ministers and congressmen." But the malign sage, instead of rehabilitating his disciples, drags them down and wins popularity for himself by preaching a direct and deliberate libertinism.

It was for that reason that in my first article I drew a sharp line of demarcation between Mr. Bergeret and our traditional satirists and critics—wrongly called sceptics. They at least respect fundamental morality. More and more his salacity grew old and sombre; until "it operates as a dissolvent of other forces," as Mr. E. Preston Dargan has recorded, justifying the conclusion afforded by M. Michaut—"from the beginning to the end, with distinctions, here more gentle, there more aggressive, his work is dedicated to libido and voluptas."

There are two sorts of publications which are not in my view truly French. The one "grivoiserie," the other, "sadism," more or less disguised under the guise of satire. Real artists have always shunned these two cheap genres as being equally unworthy of a real thinker and a true lover. The second type of this class of belles lettres—or rather "ugly letters"—is infected by what has been called "volupté morose," consisting in a pedantic and ludicrous treatment of the problems of sex. There reigns an obsession of perceiving sex everywhere—obsession that prevails with Freud and Jung. Anatole France was too keen a Frenchman to be taken in by this metaphysics of absurdity. Still, by detecting the inevitable intervention of Cupid behind all the actions of life, he was the precursor of Freud and Jung. Moreover, voluptuous morosenless and grivoiserie, intermingled, turn easily to cerebral cruelty, which violates the conscience of the reader. As remarked of France by Mr. E. Preston Dargan—"There is more than a touch of sadism in his later works where erotic elements become less beautiful, more frequent and more grivois."

Now this is the strong symptom of a grave spiritual decline. Can one claim that this decline was necessitated by the Time-Spirit? A poor excuse, for the spirit of the time is made by the spirit of its writers. Deliberate and premeditated insults against human nature, which needs to be criticized but elevated, turn against the author of the insults. Critics of this universal critic might say that he came to the point where he saw in others what was going on in himself. His observation is false because no longer impartial or objective. It has hardened and set into a sort of

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system, which he applies to everything he sees around him.

Denying spirituality, he could have clung to humanism; but he did not. The Aphroditian lure was the stronger. Reason ceased to be the mistress of his aesthetics, giving place to pessimism and lust. It is almost impossible for a sceptic and a nihilist to linger long in the temple of Athene. With the graces of youth, a certain discretion is first observed; when age comes and the fruits of experience are not mellowed by the sun of spiritual wisdom, the fire and pride of intellectual knowledge, instead of preserving the man, brings him to ruin. The "Golden Head" trembles above the feet of clay; and now we contemplate with melancholy the rapid débacle.

There are in senescent life notable exceptions in the law of regression; witness Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, and in our days Littré. Believers they were not—in the rigid sense of the word; but their heads stood above the flood of frivolities, and their souls soared outside the whirlpool of sensation. Epicurus himself, scorning his porcum gregem, was an example of sobriety. By adhering to a strict and heroic morality they were able to stay faithful to reason, at least not to lose their judgment in things of social interest. Inversely Anatole France, by making himself the protagonist of immoralism, let slip from his hands the aegis of Pallas.

The Parthenon was offered to Anatole France as his refuge; but in his last years he foreswore Minerva herself. Reason and human wisdom crumble when not sustained from above; they fall down into the sphere of the senses, and then instead of being their ruler, debase themselves so far as to become their servants and advocates. Alas! this prince of the immoralists hastened to break the mysterious thread by which reason is attached to Heaven.

I am well aware that we should not confuse the conversationalist and the writer. We are responsible only for what we have put on paper and signed. However, if we are to believe M. Jean de Gourmont—the book entitled Anatole France en pantoufles (anecdotal selection of confidences made by the cynical master to his private secretary) contains "what is best, truest and most spontaneous" in the thought and philosophy of the modern Epicurus who has just gone. In his seventieth year he announces—

> Now I know the vanity of all human learning. What a quantity of useless readings, of burdensome informations, for a life so brief, spent in the midst of ignoramuses. Why this prodigous equipment of baggage when the journey is so short! People praise my erudition. I no longer wish to be erudite except in the kingdom of Cupid. It is to him that I am devoting the remnants of failing ardor; if I could only write all that the little god inspires in me! A pathetic prudery rules our literature today, a prudery more idiotic, more cruel, more criminal than the Holy Inquisition.

In the Correspondant, M. Armand Praviel brings forth a pearl—truly baroque, to speak with moderation. This is apropos of the delightful biblical idyll, Ruth and Boaz, which seems to the Nestor de la Bechellerie "a masterpiece of absurdity." Especially does he gibe at this beautiful line of Victor Hugo's —"Mais dans l'oeil du vieillard on voit de la lumière." "In the eyes of the old man," declares Anatole France, "one sees only lubricity."

The brutality of such avowals demonstrates that in this matter, as in many others, this cynical old man does not represent our manner of thinking and feeling.

To reveal the real French spirit let us recall the ascetic last days of Racine; the martyrdom of Pascal; Corneille living and dying in the midst of poverty and labor; Hugo himself glorifying what is pure; Brunetiere, whom I have seen pale and moribund, going to the Society of Geography with his message of courage and faith; Coppée finishing in sanctity; Huysmans, as an expiative oblation, passing away, the victim of a terrible disease, clothed in the austere robe of the Benedictines.

One cannot pass judgment on Anatole France more convincingly than by quoting his critical essay on Emile Zola's La Terre.

> There are on this earth magnificent forms and noble thoughts; there are pure souls and heroic hearts; M. Zola does not know that. Many weaknesses, even many errors and faults have their touching beauty. Suffering is holy. The sancitity of tears is at the core of all religions. Misfortune is potent to render man august toward man. M. Zola does not know that. He does not know that the Graces are decorous, that philosophic irony is indulgent and gentle, and that human affairs inspire only two sentiments in right thinking souls—admiration or pity. M. Zola deserves our profound pity.

There is much to be said in extenuation of Zola; he was devoid of intellectual cunning, impulsive, brusque; and if not ignorant, at any rate without the learning, the education and subtlety of Anatole France. Zola expressed what he felt, and as he felt it, with a talent violent and gross. He was true to his natural temperament, and if he sometimes went too far, he could claim the benefit of the divine prayer—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." But Anatole France knew what he did. So he is entitled to justice, but not to pity. From him to whom much has been given, much will be required. Still there is in Anatole France a wilful blindness which, if we meditate upon it with charity, we can attribute to a hidden defect in the rich substance of this brilliant spirit.

Therefore, taking again the same words applied to Emile Zola by Anatole France, could one not say that France—especially in pondering over his last productions—deserves "our *more* profound pity"?

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WAXWORKS OR MEN?

By RONALD KNOX

DID ever a public disaster happen so fraught with allegory, so provocative of a thousand whimsical allusions as the conflagration of Madame Tussaud's? For this was the true cathedral of London's childhood; hither, in perverted pilgrimage, our nursery-maids led us, willing devotees of an unreproved idolatry. Here not saints, but sinners had their shrines and their legends; here even their relics were exposed, too sacred to be touched; the ropes, the weapons of death, the piece of toffee with which Mrs. What's-her-name poisoned the children. Magistrates had not then discovered that juvenile crime was the fruit of the penny-dreadful, nor psychologists whispered that youth itself was wax. Complexes buzzed around us like germs in a telephone receiver; never mind, it was cheap at the price.

And now that hall of the Immortals in a blaze! "Why did you melt your waxen man, Sister Helen?" —here a thousand Keiths of Ewern guttered, with no little brother to ask questions: the poor mites were all in bed. How their mouths must have watered when they were told about it next morning; they, to whom the immolation of a lead soldier was a hardly-won treat! The irony of that night when Valhalla was turned into inferno, an auto-da-fé in which the world's sages and heroes perished together in effigy—did Mr. Lytton Strachey come out to see it?

And those humbler figures, too, they shall not liquefy unrecorded. The dummy policeman, how true he stuck to his post, not less unmoved in death than the sentinel at Pompeii! And she, too, even more deceptive to the untutored eye, the lady who sold programs, did this unrehearsed item overtake her unannounced? Or did some gallant fireman repeat amid the blinding fumes the mistake made by so many generations of children, heave her unresisting form over his shoulder under the illusion that she yet breathed, and, Pygmalion turned Æneas, bring her safely to the ground?

Elsewhere the flames were more grimly appropriate. The Chamber of Horrors witnessed such horrors as Doré should have painted and Dante sung. The Rake's Progress (or what did they call it?) never had a ghastlier setting; the Newgate cell was broken open at last, and its condemned occupant was free, at last, to run; Charles Peace, in dissolution, left no more traces than the crocodile left of Captain Hook.

But indeed, fate fell alike on deserving and undeserving; Vulcan must punish even the righteous for keeping such nefarious company. The Sleeping Beauty, who might have prolonged for more than the allotted hundred years her artificial respiration, slept on heedless and breathed her last. And close by, she, the foundress of the institute, Madame herself, might be seen, like Niobe on Sipylus, weeping stalactites over her short-lived progeny. What wonder, when even the Council of Versailles distilled waxen tears? Oh, for Charles Lamb!

Interviewed, a member of the Tussaud family explained that the waxworks were not, in truth, an irreplaceable loss; in most cases the molds from which the casts were taken are still available. Provident Demiurge of a waxen creation, he had been careful of the type; a Deucalion is left to re-people the wilderness left by the deluge. The relics have perished, mute and material things, but the human form divine will persist unaltered. The creator of Mrs. Jarley will sit where he sat eternally—only in a second edition.

And in course of time, no doubt, the indefatigable genius of the human mind will re-stock the Chamber of Horrors itself with fresh ropes, fresh knives, fresh pieces of toffee. The poisoners and garroters of the future will still inspire future generations of children—"Disce, puer, virtutem ex me verumque laborem, fortunam ex aliis." Once more the old practical jokes will flourish; the more absent-minded of us will find ourselves apologizing to statues for having jostled them, and then apologizing anew for having mistaken them for real people.

For indeed (the neglected Muse of Seriousness reminds me) there is no institution in London more salutary, more permanently needed, than Madame Tussaud's. The country child, brought up to London for the week, must perforce see the Zoo first, with its insinuating Darwinian propaganda; the appealing eyes of the baboon, subtly laying claim to a long-lost brotherhood, disturbed him with their message, shamed him with unworthy suspicions of his origin: he came home from that pilgrimage a more thoughtful child, the monkey brand on his brow.

For an antidote to the poison of yesterday he must be taken to Madame Tussaud's, a temple of positivism in which he might learn the multifarious greatness of man. These good, worthy gentlemen in their frock coats—they had been what he was; he might become what they were, one day. His complexion, if he went to bed regularly at six, might retain (like theirs) its waxen color; his teeth, if he washed them, that pearly whiteness. On the other side there was the awful warning of the Rake's Progress—no, not for Thomas!

To the more mature philosopher the spectacle of so much imitated life has its own exemplary value. The ancient Egyptians, it is well known, had a wooden representation of a dead man carried round on a bier at their banquets; it was shown to each of the guests, with the words—"Look on this as you eat and drink, and remember that, when you die, like this you will be."

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To us, in our world-weary age, it is more important to look at a waxwork and remember that this is what we might have been, and are not. We are very much like waxworks. When the Gauls conquered Rome, they found all the senators sitting motionless in the Curia, and took them for lifeless figures, so that the whole assembly would have escaped massacre but for the small-boy instinct that prompted one of the invaders to pull a tempting-looking beard. We are very much like waxworks, but most fortunately we are not waxworks: an encouraging thought.

For really, in these days, is there not a conspiracy of defeatist propaganda all around us which will persuade us, unless we pinch ourselves very hard, that we are but wax? That we are only automata at the best, reacting uniformly on certain stimuli, that operate like the placing of a penny in the slot?

These people who write the history of mankind, starting fair from a nebula or a jelly-fish, and just reaching Tutankhamen in an appendix at the end, what is their object but to persuade us that all the great pageant of history as we learned it is a marionette show, controlled by the strings of inexorable circumstance; that Cleopatra was only a hairdresser's bust, and the Grand Monarque a tailor's model?

The statisticians, with their interminable calculations about coal and petrol, and the supply of food in relation to the population of the world—do they not picture mankind as a gigantic Madame Tussaud's, molded by a formula and ready to melt? For them—"Out, brief candle!" shall be all our epitaph. And, following them, the political prophets bid us sit like waxworks awaiting a general conflagration.

And the psychologists of the new determinism, are not they, too, plotting to add to our despairs? To them, each of us is but a cast, wax to receive and marble to retain, whose every lineament was traced before speech, or at least before reason, began. Our ends so shaped by the Tussaud-hand of early influences, we struggle through the rest of life, do we, modeled for all time, only create the illusion of free will as the Sleeping Beauty created the illusion of life? Such, in the heart of it, is their message; they should have a street all to themselves, these new practitioners, and call it Jarley Street. Close behind, and in firm league with these, come the temperamental novelists—the young gentlemen who write books in Chelsea for Chelsea about Chelsea. "This is what you are all like!" they shout at us, and point us to pale, shock-haired men and rouged women making the Neuropath's Progress somewhere off the King's Road, in the hope that we shall mistake them for real life. And we shall become like them, too, if we are not careful; it is the curse of an over-written age that it models itself on its own waxworks.

A friend of mine has an aunt (this is fact, in spite of my record) who has no great admirations in literature except for the works of Charles Dickens. To manifest which, it has been her habit to make pilgrimage once a year to Madame Tussaud's, stand there in front of his effigy, and say aloud "Thank you, Mr. Dickens."

For myself, I will make the same pilgrimage now and again, and say to the unresponsive models "Thank goodness, I am not you! Better to be what I am than be a wax Napoleon—better look as I look than be a Sleeping Beauty who never wakes! Even if I follow the Rake's Progress, I shall at least do it of my own choice, not because Messrs. Tussaud put me there."

And so, peradventure, I shall go away inspirited, filled with reverence for this admirable piece of dust-work, which is man.

THE TACNA-ARICA AWARD

By HERBERT F. WRIGHT

(The following article, which is the second of two by Mr. Wright, discusses the solution of the question in the Tacna-Arica Award.—The Editors.)

IN ACCORDANCE with the terms of Article III of the Treaty of Ancon, the plebiscite should have been held on March 28, 1894, but it was not held then, nor since, and Chile remains in possession of Tacna-Arica despite the protests of Peru—both Chile and Peru contending that the other has been responsible for the non-performance of the plebiscite. No step was taken to put into effect the protocol of the treaty of 1883 until 1892, when Chile proposed a commercial treaty to which was attached a proposal for considering the Tacna-Arica question. Peru, however, declined to mix the issue. Some foreign creditors of Peru next attempted to effect a settlement between the two countries, but ineffectually.

In 1893 Peru proposed Chile's withdrawal from Tacna-Arica on March 28, 1894, the date upon which the ten-year period would expire, and the holding of a plebiscite under the supervision of Peru or some neutral Power. Chile, however, would not consent to any plan implying her withdrawal as a prerequisite for the holding of the plebescite. Peru next suggested dividing the disputed territory into two zones, with herself in charge of the voting in the northern zone and Chile in the southern zone. This being rejected, Peru, late in 1893, suggested submitting to arbitration the entire matter or the particular question as to whether natives alone or all inhabitants should have the right to vote in the plebiscite, but a change of ad-

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ministration in Chile prevented action upon this proposal.

Late in 1894, at the invitation of Peru, Chile herself offered a plan, namely, of dividing the province into three sections, one to go definitely to Chile, one definitely to Peru, and the sovereignty of the third to be decided by a plebiscite. Internal changes in both countries, however, brought these negotiations to naught. Early in 1895, Chile made the suggestion that the disputed province be annexed outright to Chile by agreement with Peru. This was naturally rejected. Chile then proposed a cash settlement, if Peru should win in the plebiscite. Peru, being unable to pay cash, offered to furnish guaranties for payment, and even went so far as to suggest that Chile should remain in actual possession until the money was paid. Chile "stood pat" on her original proposition of cash payment.

There were minor negotiations carried on between 1896 and 1898, when the Billinghurst-Latorre agreement was signed. This proposed to leave to Spain the arbitral award as to who should vote and what the qualifications of the voters should be, as well as whether the voting should be public or secret. Peru promptly ratified this agreement, but not so with Chile. Consequently, in 1901, Peru, after repeated efforts to secure ratification by the Chilean Congress, withdrew her minister from Santiago.

From 1902 on there is considerable diplomatic correspondence concerning especially the alleged "Chilenization" of the disputed province. It was in 1905 that Peru protested against the Treaty of 1905 between Chile and Bolivia providing among other things the construction of a railway at Chile's expense from Arica to La Paz and giving Bolivia commercial privileges. To this protest of Peru against infringement of her alleged sovereign rights, Chile replied by inviting the resumption of negotiations. Between 1905 and 1908 there was therefore another diplomatic exchange, rehashing the entire question and making various proposals for the holding of the plebiscite, but the solution of the difficulty was not brought any nearer to completion thereby. This exchange was published in the Chilean *Libro Rojo* (Red Book) of 1908. Equally unproductive of tangible results were the negotiations carried on in 1909 between the foreign ministers of the two countries and the exchange of telegrams in 1912 providing for the postponement of the plebiscite until 1933.

When President Harding, therefore, in 1922, invited the two governments to send plenipotentiaries to Washington to negotiate a settlement, he struck a responsive chord. These delegates, Carlos Aldunate Solar and Luis Izquierdo for Chile and Hernan Velarde and Meliton F. Porras for Peru, signed a protocol of arbitration submitting "the questions arising out of the unfulfilled provisions of Article III of the Treaty of 1883 to the arbitration of the President of the United States of America who shall decide them finally and without appeal."

At the same time a supplementary act was signed which was to be "an integral part of the protocol to which it refers." This agreement specified that "included in such arbitration is the following question . . . 'In order to determine the manner in which the stipulations of Article III of the Treaty of Ancon shall be fulfilled, it is agreed to submit to arbitration the question whether, in the present circumstances, a plebiscite shall or shall not be held.' " It is also provided that "in case the holding of the plebiscite should be declared in order, the arbitrator is empowered to determine the conditions thereof. Should the arbitration decide that a plebiscite need not be held, both parties, at the request of either of them shall discuss the situation brought about by such award." Included in the arbitration likewise are the claims pending with regard to Tarata and Chilcaya, the northern and southern boundaries of the disputed provinces.

Ratifications of the protocol and the supplementary act were exchanged, the President of the United States of America accepted the office of arbitrator and the cases and counter cases of the respective parties were submitted in accordance with a schedule of arbitral procedure proposed by the parties and approved by the arbitrator. The cases and their appendices were rather voluminous, comprising nearly six thousand pages.

It is unnecessary to go into the mass of details offerred by the attorneys for both countries. Each side made a careful and painstaking attempt to secure every point ever conceded by the other side during the thirty years of negotiations—Chile contending vigorously for the doctrine of "the consent of governed" which had not been invoked between 1894 and 1898—while Peru indignantly claimed that the territory obtained outright by Chile as a result of the War of the Pacific constituted "the greatest war indemnity the world has ever known," which, however, true it [illegible] had nothing to do with the case. It might be observed in passing that the terms of submission were rather peculiar. Chile agreed to arbitrate whether, in the present circumstances, the plebiscite should be held or not, and to submit arguments for her side. But if the arbitrator should decide in the negative, "either party may request a joint discussion of the situation and pending an agreement as to the disposition of the territory, the administrative organization of the provinces shall not be disturbed." In this way Chile virtually declared her intention never to accept an adverse decision—a statement borne out by a thinly veiled threat expressed in her case. If the arbitrator were to decide against a plebiscite, the question would revert to its former status and Chile says this "can hardly be expected to result in an agreement in the near future."

This was the Gordian knot presented to the arbi-

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trator, who, on March 4, 1925, nearly a year after the beginning of the presentation of the case by the respective parties, rendered an opinion and an award. Briefly, the arbitrator decided that, without condoning the acts committed against Peruvians on the part of the Chilean adminstration, "the plebiscite should be held and that the interests of both parties can be properly safeguarded by establishing suitable conditions therefor." He thereupon outlines these conditions. Natives of Tacna and Arica; Chileans and Peruvians, resident therein for two years continuously prior to July 20, 1922, and still resident; and resident foreigners, eligible for naturalization in either Chile or Peru and intending to become naturalized in the winning State—all of these are entitled to vote in the plebiscite except military or civil employees of both governments who are not natives and those guilty of non-political offenses involving moral turpitude or under guardianship, non compos mentis or insane.

In order that the holding of the plebiscite be appropriately supervised by competent and impartial authority, the arbitrator decided that "there shall be constituted a plebiscitary commission and registration and election boards," the former to consist of one member appointed by Chile, one by Peru, and a third, who shall act as president of the commission, by the President of the United States. These must be appointed by July 4 of this year and must assemble in the city of Arica for their first meeting before September 4. The expenses are to be prorated equally between the two contesting states. Upon the proclamation of the result of the plebiscite, the 10,000,000 Peruvian silver soles or equivalent Chilean silver are to be paid to the losing State substantially in accordance with the Billinghurst-Latorre protocol of 1898.

The River Sama is decided upon as the northern boundary and consequently "no part of the Province of Tarata is included in the provisions of Article III of the Treaty of Ancon." The southern boundary is "the Peruvian provincial boundary between the Peruvian provinces of Arica and Tarapaca as they stood on October 20, 1883," and this is to be determined by a special commission of three, one nominted by Chile, another by Peru and the third by the arbitrator.

It will be seen from this resumé of the arbitrator's award that the decision to hold the plebiscite was favorable to Chile—the conditions for holding the plebiscite are as equitable to both parties as is humanly possible—the northern boundary is favorable to Peru and the southern boundary is equitable to both. Peru, while having the stronger case and the sympathy of nearly the entire world, suffered from the rather verbose presentation of her case. The issue was beclouded by the introduction of much irrelevant matter, a large part of her case going back of the Treaty of Ancon and its immediate antecedents, which under the terms of submission were beyond the competence of the arbitrator to question, while her main claim was really lost by the use, in the appendix to her case, of a different translation of a vital clause in Article III of the Treaty of Ancon from that upon which the major part of the case itself depended. Chile's case, on the other hand, while the weaker of the two, was presented with greater succinctness and an arrangement easily followed, and the decision of the arbitrator showed that her method was the more effective.

It is natural, therefore, that the award was received with great rejoicing in Chile. The Chilean government showed its satisfaction by promptly complying with the terms of the award. It appointed Augustin Edwards to serve as the Chilean delegate on the plebiscitary commission with General Pershing, the American chairman appointed by the President of the United States, and as his technical adviser Ernesto Barros, Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1921, when the present arbitration negotiations started, and one of the agents in charge of Chile's case and counter case in the arbitration. It also appointed Custodio Greve, a noted Chilean scientist, to act as its member on the boundary commission with former Governor J. J. Morrow, the American chairman appointed by the President of the United States. It informed President Coolidge that Chile was ready to deliver the city and province of Tarata to Peru in accordance with the terms of the award as soon as the arbitrator fixes the necessary provisions for this purpose and it notified the State Department of the United States that Chile was ready to deposit with an institution designated the sum of $15,000, which, under the terms of the award, shall constitute the first payment for the expenses and remuneration of the plebiscitary commission. There is some reason to believe that if Chile should win in the plebiscite, she would immediately enter into treaty negotiations with Bolivia for the transfer of the newly won province.

It is natural, likewise, that the award was not so joyfully received in Peru. The government expressed its intention of complying with the terms, but in view of a wave of popular resentment did not immediately do so. Instead, it presented a memorial to the arbitrator protesting the acceptance of the translation of the clause in Article III mentioned above, protesting alleged discriminatory acts of Chile in the disputed provinces since the award and requesting American troops to guarantee a fair plebiscite. President Coolidge replied by denying the relevancy of the protested translation and refusing to send American troops. The person of General Pershing, he said, was sufficient guarantee. And there the matter stands.

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COMMUNICATIONS

MR. GRAY ANSWERS MR. PALLEN

New York City, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Pallen's letter to The Commonweal of May sixth seems to call for some reconciliation from me. It is not easy to reply to a communication so lacking in verifiable references and so Hylanesque in tenor. The implication of my criticism of the article, Roman-Catholic, was that, in our conversations with Anglo-Catholics, we ought not to waste time arguing over mere nomenclature, but that we ought to proceed at once to dogma, trying to help non-Catholics understand what the infallible-teaching Church preaches concerning her hierarchical constitution and her necessary unicity in dogma and in discipline. "Courteous and reasonable people generally call any religious body by the name it calls itself." (Adrian Fortescue, Orthodox Eastern Church.) Ideas and things do matter. Names are of second-rate importance. That is why the Anglo-Catholic attempts to change the legal name of the Protestant Episcopal Church are superficial just so long as the attempt is not made to exterminate heresy and to remove schism.

There is a true branch theory of the Catholic churches and Bishop Andrews was quite reasonable when he asked—"What is the object of adding 'Roman'? The only purpose that such an adjunct can serve is to distinguish your Catholic Church from another Catholic church which is not Roman." The meaning I attached to "Catholic churches" is that mentioned in the decrees of the Vatican Council—"We teach and declare that by the appointment of our Lord, the Roman Church possesses a sovereignty of ordinary power over all other churches, and that this power of jurisdiction of the Roman Pontiff, which is truly episcopal, is immediate; to which all, of whatsoever rite and dignity, both pastors and faithful, both individually and collectively, are bound, by their duty of hierarchical subordination and true obedience, to submit, not only in matters which belong to faith and morals, but also in those that appertain to the discipline and government of the Church throughout the world; so that the Church of Christ may be one flock under one supreme pastor, through the preservation of unity, both of communion and of profession of the same faith, with the Roman Pontiff. This is the teaching of the Catholic truth, from which no one can deviate without loss of faith and of salvation. But so far is this power of the Supreme Pontiff from being any prejudice to that ordinary and immediate power of episcopal jurisdiction by which bishops who have been set by the Holy Ghost to succeed and hold the place of Apostles, feed and govern each his own flock, as true pastors, that this same power is really asserted, strengthened and protected by the supreme and universal pastor . . ." etc. (First Dogmatic Constitution on the Church of Christ.)

Dr. Fortescue, Uniate Eastern Churches, elaborates this branch theory—". . . There is only one Catholic Church; the test of membership in it is to be in communion with all the other members. In any society the test of unity is the mutual acknowledgment of all the members. Where there are separate groups, which do not recognize one another, we have not one but several societies . . . It is an ancient use, and a convenient one to distinguish within this one Church several parts which, although really parts of the one society, nevertheless have certain customs, local laws, rites, which justify us in calling each a 'church' though really it is only a part of the one Church . . . They are all branches of the one Church, real branches, in conscious communion with one another, all joined to the main stem at Rome and so to the one vine, Christ. Catholics have no room in their system for branches cut off from the main stem. A plant made up of such dissected fragments would not be one plant at all. To such branches as are cut off from use we can only apply regretfully, our Lord's own word about them, that they shall wither. But the one vine has living branches which draw their life, by real visible communion from the main stem: the one body of Christ has many members, not dissected members, but those in whom life flows through the arteries from the one Head. These branches or members share the name of the whole. Each may be spoken of as a church, though there is, of course, only one Church really . . ."

By "Roman Catholic Churches" I mean a hierarchy which is Catholic in communion, Roman in canon law and liturgy. By "Greek Catholic Church" I mean a hierarchy Catholic in communion, and Byzantine in canon law and liturgy. Geography, language and race have nothing to do with the classification. The frequency with which a liturgy is offered does not have anything to do with the canonical status of Catholics whose normal form of worship is according to that rite. Nevertheless, High Mass is celebrated according to the Mozarabic rite in the Mozarabic chapel at Toledo Cathedral every morning at nine o'clock. (Catholic Encyclopedia.) The Codex of Canon Law for the Roman Church allows Catholics to confess and receive Holy Communion according to any rite they wish. (Canons 866 and 905.)

The Mozarabic Catholics constitute a true branch of Catholicism, for they enjoy a distinctive canon law and liturgy. ". . . In 1553 Pope Julius III regulated mixed marriages between Mozarabic and Roman Christians. The children were to follow the rites of the father, but, if the eldest daughter of a Mozarab married a Roman, she and her husband might choose the rite to which she and her children should belong, and if she became a widow she might return to the Mozarabic rite, if she had left it at her marriage. These rules are still in force, and the writer is informed by Dom Ferotin that the present Mozarabs are so proud of their distinctive rite, involving as it does, pedigrees dating back to the eleventh century at least, that no Mozarabic heiress will ever consent to desert her own rite if she should marry a member of the Roman Rite . . ." (Jenner, Catholic Encyclopedia.) Members of the Mozarabic families in Spain are baptized into the Mozarabic church, canonically, just as Byzantine or Roman Catholics are baptized into their proper churches, and no Catholic is allowed permanently to change his church without explicit papal permission. Likewise, clerical candidates are ordained according to the liturgy of the church to which they expect to belong.

The formation of a true, uniate Anglo-Catholic church is unlikely but quite possible. One can be a devout Catholic without ever receiving Holy Communion under one kind at a Latin Mass offered by a celibate priest. Neither are such local extra-liturgical devotions as Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, Stations of the Cross, Three Hours' Service, Rosary, Sprinkling of Holy Water, etc., essentials of Catholic practice. They are matters of discipline and custom which the Roman Pontiff has the authority to regulate as he may judge best for souls.

Mr. Pallen says—" . . . Any epithet limiting Catholic is a

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contradiction in terms . . . The moment you seek to limit it, it ceases to be Catholic . . . You cannot distinguish Catholic from Catholic . . . 'Roman-Catholic' carries with it a sinister implication in the minds of those who use it . . . An appellation we emphatically repudiate." I wonder how these statements can be reconciled with the following facts:—The London Tablet and Universe use the names Anglo-Catholic, Roman Catholic and American Catholic. In the article immediately following Roman Catholic in The Commonweal, Mr. Lewis Mumford uses the name "Roman Catholic." The Profession of Faith made by converts received into the Church according to the Roman ritual has the phrase "one, holy, catholic, apostolic, Roman Church." Kenedy's Official Catholic Directory often uses "Roman Catholic." Under the section, Archdiocese of New York, one may find many parishes which do not emphatically repudiate "Roman Catholic" as their legal name.

Of my statement—"There are in the United States Christians of Latin, Slav, Albanian and Syrian ancestry who are Catholics but not Roman," Mr. Pallen says—"Well, they are neither Catholics nor Roman." What are the parishioners of Saint Basil's Rumanian church, Trenton, New Jersey, Saint Mary's Uhro-Russian church, East 13th Street, New York, the Italo-Albanese church of Our Lady of Grace, 17 Stanton Street, New York, Saint George's Melkite church, Washington Street, New York?

Mr. Pallen also states—"Catholics who follow the Byzantine rite and are in communion with Rome, are not 'Greek Catholics'; they are Catholics who happen to be Greeks." With the exception of a few thousand Hellenes in Athens and Constantinople who are under the jurisdiction of the Byzantine Bishop Calavassy, all Byzantine Catholics are non-Greek in race. Mr. Pallen's statement is contradicted by numerous church cornerstones in the United States and Canada. For instance—"Saint Nicholas Ruthenian Greek Catholic church," Chicago, Illinois; "Saint Basil's Greek Catholic church," East Chicago, Indiana; "Saint Michael's Ukrainian Greek Catholic church," Yonkers, New York. Before me lie letters headed—"Rectory of the Ukrainian Greek Catholic church of Saint George, 22 East 7th Street, New York City," "Chancery of the Ukrainian Greek Catholic church, 511 Dominion Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba." The Catholic Encyclopedia uses the name "Greek Catholic" to designate Byzantine uniates. Archbishop McNeil in his foreword to "Eastern Catholics," says—"Mr. Scott informs us that in Ontario alone there are 10,000 Ruthenians who are nearly all Catholics of the Greek rite. They call themselves Greek Catholics. If Catholics of the Latin rite were alive to the importance of this matter, the Provincial Secretary's department could not have classified Greek Catholics in Ontario officially as Protestants."

In our friendship with well-disposed Eastern Orthodox and Anglo-Catholics, we cannot do better than to follow the example of the members of the Pontifical Oriental Institute at Rome of which the saintly Jesuit, Père d'Herbigny is president. Their aim is to win the affection of dissenting Christians by emphasizing orthodox teaching, and striving not to cause further estrangement through the use of needlessly displeasing names. We can well afford to tolerate any popular nomenclature, provided we can weaken prejudice and win non-Catholics to Catholic Communion.

L. Maynard Gray.

MAJORITY RULE

Marysville, California.

TO the Editor:—Two interesting articles appeared lately on the same subject—Majority Rule. One entitled Does the Majority Rule? by Moorhouse F. X. Millar, S. J., came out in the issue of April 4 of America; the other was published in the issue of The Commonweal for April 29 under the title of When Do We People Rule? by Don C. Seitz.

The one entitled Does the Majority Rule? maintains that the true theory of our American democracy is not that the majority, because a majority, rules, although this is the commonly accepted doctrine today—but that the majority decides.

Don C. Seitz in The Commonweal declares that the slogan "the rule of the majority" is a lie—and asserts that in fact pluralities rule in the United States. He goes on to say that although pluralities rule us today, they do so in violation of the original and true theory of the Constitution, according to which theory the people were not intended to rule, either by decision or numerical superiority.

On the face of it, these articles would appear to conflict sharply, but it seems to me that this conflict is due in great part to differences in the meaning of two words—majority and rule. Don C. Seitz considers the word majority only in the restricted sense of majority of all the votes cast, or of all of the electors—whereas Moorhouse F. X. Millar, S. J., seems to use the word in a more comprehensive sense—that sense in which it is opposed to one or more minorities, and in which sense it includes either a majority of all the electors, or a mere plurality.

Now Moorhouse F. X. Millar, S. J., contends that according to the true theory of our government, the majority, understood in the comprehensive sense above pointed out, rule not because they are numerically superior to any and all minorities—but on the same theory from which springs the truism "that many heads are better than one," which theory predicates at all times an objective criterion of truth and justice. In this sense, he maintains, the majority ought to rule according to the true theory of our Constitution. I understand the word rule or decide, when used in this article, to mean the power and authority to legislate either directly or indirectly. And in this sense I believe the contention is sound, because, although the laws are passed by Congress directly, nevertheless these laws indirectly represent the will or the decision of the majorities that elected the congressmen—and further these laws are passed by majorities of these congressmen.

On the other hand, Don C. Seitz evidently uses the term rule in the sense of the power and authority to execute the laws —since to prove that, under the original purview of the Constitution it was not contemplated that the people should rule, he points to the fact that the people's only function in the election of a President, following the constitutional procedure as originally designed, was the election of unpledged electors on their own merit—which electors would of their own initiative, choose a man who in their personal judgment was qualified for the office. Theoretically the balance of power ought to lie in Congress—as a practical matter, one cannot be so sure—at least today.

Arthur J. de Lorimier.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Rat

THIS play provides the French version of an H. B. Warner rôle—which means that it has in it good elements of melodrama, one star acting part, a perfectly obvious love theme, and a happy ending in which the reform of the crook-hero is at least implied, if not fully stated in the approved American manner.

The scene is, of course, laid in Montmartre—that pinnacle of Paris whose interior life is so little known, even to Parisians, that it is almost as safe to write about as the depths of India. No one is apt to dispute the incidental detail. If you are tempted to say that this or that episode is forced and sadly overdrawn, the obvious retort is, how do you know? If you are surprised to see a Paris police inspector conniving at the amorous adventures of a mysterious German baron, someone will tell you that this is quite possible in a city where international intrigue passes through curious channels. An American audience can at least accept the motivations and incidents of plot and action in good grace as being possible enough in the least-known corner of the best known city in the world.

But it does become a bit difficult to take much interest in any except the main character and the little adopted waif, his housekeeper. At least, in the typical Warner play crookdom and every-day life come to close grips. Crime, so to speak, is brought to our own door steps. There is a definite contact established between what we know little of, and what we see every day. In The Rat, the entire action takes place in two strata of the underworld—or perhaps it would be better to say in the underworld and the half-world. While this permits the author something of the charming license which Gilbert took with the Japan of his Mikado, it makes the whole effect pretty remote for a serious melodrama. Then, too, there is a good deal of sentimentalizing about these decidedly shady personages which somehow fails to carry conviction or even the illusion of reality. I much prefer to see an extravagant mystery play like The Gorilla, than a play of almost equal extravagance which affects to have a serious purpose.

Lady of the Rose

MARTIN FLAVIN wrote a fine play, produced last year under the name of Children of the Moon. It had a promising gift of wild poetry, good structure, and a theme which, if a bit fantastic, was at least interesting and at times swept along with great power and conviction. How this same author could write the complex and trivial dribble which makes up nine-tenths of Lady of the Rose is a study in catastrophe.

Equally mysterious is why the Shuberts, with their keen sense of the theatrically fit, should produce such a play. It makes an excellent text for a radio talk on "why plays fail." The author himself, by a none too ingenious trick, anticipates public comment. His hero, John Meredith, is an elderly playwright who has married a young actress because she resembled outwardly a certain lady of his dreams about whom he had written a supposedly beautiful tragedy. The manuscript is lost, and years later discovered by a commercial manager, minus the title-page. The manager sees possibilities in the script, provided a happy ending is substituted and the play generally re-written. Not knowing the author, the manager offers the leading rôle to John Meredith's wife. She does know the author, but keeps both Meredith and the manager in ignorance till the opening night. Then Meredith discovers the sacrilege practised on his script and on the lady of his dreams. From that moment all is sadness, gloom and ranting until Meredith dies from grief. It is in the rehearsal scene that the manager's comments are supposed to anticipate public comment on Mr. Flavin's own play. For once, I sympathize with the public and not the playwright.

Let me make my reasons clear (out of respect to Mr. Flavin's fine play of last season). The problem which he seeks to state is a true enough one—that of the man to whom his own dream-world is more real than life itself—whose own mental creations, because they are a part of himself, are far more important than the lives of others about him. The egotistical dreamer is a bad enough problem to those who must live with him, and a worse problem to himself. He is born to unhappiness. But to make a theme like this sound dramatic material, it must be translated into a broadly understood language. The characters must either represent directly, or symbolize indirectly, almost universal human types. The playwright or novelist is a rare type. The musician is better understood; the sensitive man, struggling with the crudities of commerce, is still closer to the every-day life problem. It is not the subtlety of his theme (as Mr. Flavin seems to think) but the remoteness of the plot which he uses to express his theme that makes Lady of the Rose seem trivial and dramatically unimportant.

Then, too, the plot is worked out in anything but a subtle fashion. Lights go off and the dream lady appears bathed in blue effulgence. Lights go on again, and the lady has made a quick (and, alas, visible) exit. There is no more subtlety to this than to the trap-door entrance of Mephistopheles in Faust. Even the dialogue is flat and trite. Every few lines, someone takes refuge in—"But don't you understand?", or "I wonder" —or some equally overworked substitute for clear dramatic thought. But further discussion seems almost unkind. Mr. Flavin may be embittered because Children of the Moon was not a pronounced commercial success. But he should remember that it won him pronounced esteem—and return to its mood forthwith.

A Bit of Love

IN THIS play, John Galsworthy has tackled the theme of Christian love—and found it a rather large order. With the reverse of that sweeping gesture by which Calvin implanted religious fear in men's lives, there seems to be a school of sentimentalists rising now to sweep away all idea of Christian justice. The Reverend Robert Strangway of the present play is the type of the new school. He borrows a few pages from Saint Francis, and proceeds to live as muddled and misunderstood a life as Saint Francis himself would have led if he had not been a powerful and fiery personality, and a genius as well as the meekest of men.

As the lawyers might put it, Galsworthy has not read his contract as a whole. He has tried to interpret it piecemeal—which is like taking the Sermon on the Mount without the scourging of the money-lenders in the temple—or, for that

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matter, the Crucifixion without the Resurrection. The whole idea is not unlike that extreme of alms-giving which reduces the recipient to pauperism—a sentimental loving of your neighbor in general without any tempering thought as to what may really be the best for him. To put it bluntly, the Reverend Strangway is so in love with loving, that he never measures its consequences to others. Few forms of self-gratification are more disastrous than this.

It would be much simpler and certainly pleasanter to review plays solely for their dramatic or entertainment value. But unfortunately, the theme of a play is the very bed-rock on which everything else rests—plot, characterization, dialogue, and the whole mechanism that we call the theatre. Very often the whole reason why one play is a huge success, and another, quite like it outwardly, is a failure, is because the theme of one is sound and strong, and the theme of the other anaemic and vague.

The whole object of play-criticism—as distinct from play-reporting—is to discover, if one can, the "why" of the good play, and the "why not" of the poor one. This play of Galsworthy's is well constructed—much of it is beautiful and poetic—the characters are consistently and well-drawn—the acting of the present production, especially that of O. P. Heggie, is exceptionally fine—yet it leaves a curiously over-sweetened taste.

This excessive flavoring comes from the theme, in which an insidious form of self-love, unrestrained by reason or justice, is presented as an unalloyed good. To dig into the theme—however unnecessary it may appear at first glance—is often to discover just why we don't like an otherwise fine play.

When Choosing Your Plays

Aloma of the South Seas—A grotesque and uninteresting play.
Cæsar and Cleopatra—A splendid production scenically, but unevenly acted.
Desire Under the Elms—Eugene O'Neill at his most morbid repast.
Is Zat So?—The triumph of two characters and a very human theme over a poor plot. A splendid comedy.
Old English—A portrait, superbly acted by George Arliss.
Pigs—Rural comedy scoured with Sapolio for cleanliness.
Rosmersholm—Ibsen's morbid tragedy well acted.
Tell Me More!—A Gershwin score—praise enough.
The Critic—A capital production of Sheridan's lively comedy.
The Fall Guy—A good human comedy of the slumming type.
The Gorilla—An entertaining piece of melodramatic hokum.
The Guardsman—A play in which the artistic temperament and infidelity are selected as comic themes.
The Mikado—Excellent revival.
The Show-Off—A sterling comedy that touches a guilty chord in many who laugh at it uproariously.
The Student Prince—One of the best of the musical plays.
The Wild Duck—Ibsen's self-revealing drama superbly directed and acted.
They Knew What They Wanted—A play with a tragic beginning and a fine ending.
What Price Glory—A very fine, though not a great play.
White Cargo—A morbid story of the white man's degeneration in the tropics. Mostly unrelieved gloom.

BOOKS

These United States, a Symposium, edited by Ernest Gruening. New York: Boni and Liveright. $3.00.

THIS is the second instalment in collected form of a series of papers on the several states written mainly by native sons—but in all cases by observers having special localized knowledge or sentiment or both. It is not a pleasant book for Americans. In a large number of cases, it must create bitterness among citizens of the states discussed, who have any great love or respect for their commonwealths. Viewing it as a whole, any reader is obliged to ask the question—Are we as bad as all that? Perhaps the foreigner with anti-American prejudices may be pleased; he will certainly find material to back up any disagreeable thing he may choose to think or say about this country and its people.

Needless to say the whole book is not made up of exposure and censure. There are scores of pages of glowing praise of natural beauty, of native virtues and of wonderful accomplishment in some phases of civilization. Nor are the tragic and sordid vices of regional life, as set forth with lamentable frequency and detail altogether untrue. That is the worst of it. Taken line by line, specification by specification, there is always more or less foundation for the allegations made. But the emphasis is false and artificial. The constant iteration of the pessimistic note, with an air of sweeping generalization, creates inevitably in the mind which has not the strength to resist its influence and the information on which to base resistance, the feeling that the country as a whole is a Hades of ignorance, vulgarity, greed, irreligion, bigotry, monopolistic cruelty and oppression, abject poverty and squalor, crossed with smoldering, hopeless revolt.

For the most part the writing is able. This volume has hardly the brilliancy of its predecessor, but it is more intense and picturesque. The exhibition of local evils which in the first series of sketches took the form of amused and amusing cynicism—as for instance in the picture of Mr. Ford's Detroit—now hardens into almost savage castigation, in which neither special groups nor whole populations are spared.

There is, for instance, the article on Georgia, which is contributed by W. E. Burghardt Du Bois, who is Director of Publication and Research for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Of twenty-four pages, some twenty are given up to passionate presentation of the Negro question from the colored man's point of view. The devastating arraignment does not consist in the mere recital of the Negro's wrongs, real enough—social and educational repression, economic and industrial restriction, and direct physical outrage, murder, whipping—the Klu Klux activities. The deadly charge is that of a deliberate conspiracy to array the colored people and the "poor whites" against each other in a lasting racial warfare for the profit of the employers of the cheap labor of both. "In order to secure output and profits, the one essential was to bring race hatred and economic competition into such juxtaposition that they looked like two sides of the same thing. This is what Georgia did and did first." Mr. Du Bois says—"Georgia is beautiful." He has a page or two of very vague description; he says she is wealthy, too. But he ends with a ride in a "hot, crowded and dirty Jim Crow car," and, looking around, he previses the future of the state in the people about him and in the submerged whites of the mountains. The impression he leaves on the reader's mind is one of sick dismay.

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Is this indeed the state of Georgia, which stands in every American's mind as the great field of progress in the South?

In his article on Rhode Island, Robert Cloutman Dexter, with some incidental religious pin pricks, puts the blame on the mill-owners for "diluting the stock of the original settlers," and sacrificing the traditions of Roger Williams. Child labor is the modern fruit of her looms, and the state competes with the North in virtue of reactionary legislation as to schools and conditions of labor. "The legislature, if not controlled directly, is frequently intimidated by the mill-owners' threat to go South."

This tone of hostility to the employing class, to capital and to the promotion of large enterprises, colors several of the articles. Montana is "the land of the copper collar;" the story of West Virginia is "a mine-field melodrama;" when Wyoming came to settle into a permanent community of homes, the cattlemen "came into conflict with the interests already in control of the range;" the green and fertile fields of Idaho "are actually battlefields as grim in their memories as those of Europe."

There is something in almost every state, past or present, which gives occasion for an upwelling of radical prepossession. Where industrial struggles do not present the needed opportunity, politics generally affords occasion for a caustic page. In Oklahoma "politics is, if anything, not much more corrupt than it is, say, in Boston;" but "where else is afforded a spectacle similar to this—The theft by night of the state papers from the capitol in Guthrie by automobile bandits from Oklahoma City, who sped back and established the state capital in the Lee-Huckins Hotel; the indictment of a governor and a state bank examiner for graft?"—and so on for many lines. North Dakota is another sad case, ruled from Minneapolis by a corrupt political ring, bound up in the milling interests.

New York is favored with two articles. One, by Mr. Gruening himself on the city, and one by Charles W. Wood on the rest of the state. Both are lighter in tone than the average of the book, and more temperate and urbane in judgment. Mr. Gruening very properly regrets the extent to which the old Knickerbocker régime, with its traditions of liberality, is forgotten or ignored by the New Yorker of today. Mr. Wood is impressed by the unwillingness of the up-stater to be identified in any way with the great city, although in his heart he has a huge pride in it; it is to him practically a means of reducing the farmers' taxes. Mr. Gruening points out that "nowhere in the world has the process of subduing nature progressed further" than in New York. He sees that "here civilization is creating its own code and manners . . . a new human species." It is in his view "hard, cynical, ruthless, even beyond other cities." Therefore, its children are both "stunted and overgrown." But the structure of the city, its canyons and its towers achieve "a poignant beauty of line and atmosphere which stirs the emotions deeply and has in it something almost spiritual." Finally he asks—"Will this spiritual quality, now merely subjective, ever become a reality?" Well, will it? Is not its subjective character a guarantee that it will? As it is within, must it not be a leaven to the soul?

It would be a pity to end this notice without a word regarding Miss Willa Cather's genial, liberal and sympathetic picture of her native state, Nebraska. Like her novels, this essay shows the power of distinguishing the beautiful and the good in all races, all beliefs, all classes—also the beauty and bounty of nature in all its moods, and the essential merit of human beings when brought face to face with crisis. She ends with a fine touch of optimism—"The wave of generous idealism, noble seriousness, which swept over the state of Nebraska in 1917 and 1918, demonstrated how fluid and flexible is any living, growing, expanding society. If such 'conversions' do not last, they at least show of what men and women are capable."

This is the state of Nebraska as she has pictured it elsewhere, as well, in colors of singular vividness and warmth. At bottom, is not the principle true of all the states, if the fashion of discontent and fault-finding did not obscure it? We may certainly hope so, in spite of the greater part of this book.

JAMES LUBY.

The Great Gatsby, by F. Scott Fitzgerald. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

ONE has a feeling of exasperation after reading a novel of Scott Fitzgerald's that is not easy to overcome. His very real talent for writing sparkles throughout the book, on scattered pages, as does the sheer beauty of isolated phrases and the vividness of some of his description. The occasional insights into character stand out as very green oases on an all too arid desert of waste paper.

Fitzgerald's development as a writer has not been all that was expected of him, after his sudden burst into literary fame and financial fortune with This Side of Paradise. In the first three-quarters of the earlier book, he wrote well and entertainingly as the interpreter of the new jazz age that followed on the heels of the Armistice. Amory, the flappers, and would-be philosophers he loved and drank with, had not been pictured before—and everyone but Princeton graduates read and enjoyed the tale. Then came The Beautiful and the Damned—a very weak novel without point or promise. Now he has written The Great Gatsby—a singular improvement over his last novel, but an improvement which fails to realize the hopes held out in his first success. Taken alone, The Great Gatsby is a mediocre novel. In the light of his former books, it marks an important stepping-stone toward a literary excellence which Scott Fitzgerald ought some day to achieve.

The Great Gatsby wasn't great at all—just a sordid, cheap, little crook whose gawdy palace on the Sound with its Saturday night parties, his glittering motor cars, speed boats, and hydroplanes, and his tawdry friends would classify him as what is called, in the Broadway vernacular, "a butter and egg man." For Fitzgerald he provides a convenient, if hackneyed, background upon which to weave his tale. Throughout the first half of the book the author shadows his leading character in mystery, but when in the latter part he unfolds his life story we fail to find the brains, the cleverness, and the glamor that countless melodramatic writers have taught us to expect of these romantic crooks.

The other characters in the book are of flimsy material, and when the author sets a real warm human emotion in their frail bodies the strain is too great, and they are left a smoking sacrifice on the altar of Fitzgerald's development of character insight. One feels he might better have pictured the unnatural types one has been taught to expect from him.

It is not beyond probability that Mr. Fitzgerald may have had one eye cocked on the movie lots while writing this last novel. The movie type of wild Bacchanalian revel, with the drunken ladies in the swimming-pool and garden fêtes that just drip expensiveness, are done to perfection—and who knows but that they will offer some soulful Hollywood director a chance to display his art? But for a writer in whom there is the spark at least of real distinction to be so palpably under suspicion of catering to Hollywood is a grievous thing.

JOHN M. KENNY, JR.

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BRIEFER MENTION

Modern Monasticism, by James J. Walsh. New Jersey: St. Elizabeth's Press.

MODERN MONASTICISM is the brochure issued to commemorate the address of Dr. James J. Walsh in honor of the centenary of the birth of Mother May Xavier Mehegan, the foundress of the Sisters of Charity of New Jersey. It is a worthy tribute, marking the great analogies to Mother Xavier's character in Mother Mary Augustine Aikenhead, the foundress of the Irish Sisters of Charity, in Mother Teresa de Jesus of Avila, and the famous Englishwoman, Florence Nightingale, qualities admirably summed up in Thomas Walsh's sonnet to Mother Mary Xavier (1825-1925) in the lines—

"Nothing could withstand
Her fair campaigns, her motherly command.
With 'God Alone' in sweet conspiracies,
She sowed the fields and filled His granaries,
Till Xavier's name more glorious must stand.
Now to her Tryst Eternal, waited long,
She fares amid the silence: now the voice
Of lamentation that her children raise
Faints at her grave, and but to prayer grows strong.
Here moans are hushed, the while the skies rejoice
Acclaiming her who would take naught of praise."

Autobiography of an Old Breviary, by Herman J. Heuser. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.75.

A HIGHLY interesting book from the scholarly pen of Dr. Heuser of Overbrook, of importance to all students of liturgy, laymen as well as clerics, is the modestly announced Autobiography of an Old Breviary. It is written with a simple charm which does not at all conceal its great erudition nor its spiritual nature, in spite of a light banter in tone that only reinforces its content. Altogether a delightful and profitable book for any scholarly and religious soul.

Darkening Sea, by Benjamin R. C. Low. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.50.

MR. BENJAMIN R. C. LOW has wisely chosen for his title poem one of the best lyrical pieces he has thus far published. Darkening Sea has all the charm of his older work and an added freedom in conception and treatment that place this new volume among the best of the season's poetry. Mr. Low is always a philosopher and his readers—those of them who have held on to the arms of their chairs amid the wild charivari of our latter day lispers in verse—will recognize that he is a poet of dignity, charm and decency in its best sense.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

Dr. Angelicus:—How long does it take to get to Tennessee?
Miss Anonymoncule:—O, Doctor—are you planning a pleasure trip?

Dr. Angelicus:—Duty, not pleasure, calls me to Tennessee.
The Editor:—I can't seem to remember asking you to attend the Dayton, Tennessee, evolution trial.
Dr. Angelicus:—It is not an editorial duty that demands my presence in Dayton. It is a call of conscience clearly manifested to me in my dreams of last night. You cannot imagine what they were.
Miss Anonymoncule:—O yes, I can. I've just been re-reading Freud. You say they clearly indicated that you were to go to Tennessee?
Dr. Angelicus:—Exactly.
Miss Anonoymoncule:—Well, you probably dreamed you were in a land of green trees and flowers, and you saw some very hot people running about on a flat space, and you said—"What are they doing?" And someone replied—"They're playing tennis—see?"
Dr. Angelicus:—My call to Tennessee is based on something far more serious than a game of tennis. Due to last night's dreams, I am in a position, I feel, to throw important light on the defense of the theory of evolution.
Miss Anonymoncule:—Did you dream of monkeys?
Dr. Angelicus:—Precisely. I was in a glorious tangled jungle, when suddenly I saw a large and graceful monkey coming toward me. To my surprise I recognized the face of a charming old lady friend of mine who claims a long line of notable ancestry, and who has always occupied herself with the study of the genealogy of our first American families. As she paused beside me and held her paw high in the air for me to shake, I could see that she was wearing her Mayflower Society pin, her Daughters of the American Revolution badge, her Daughters of the Cincinnati insignia, her Colonial Dames brooch, her Daughters of the Confederacy button, and a dozen other badges of as many honorary societies—in all of which she holds high office.
Miss Anonymoncule:—How curious they must have looked against a background of monkey fur!
Dr. Angelicus:—Very charming, I assure you. She prefaced her remarks with a statement that she was delighted to see me there—that she had always felt that I, like herself, was privileged to boast of a very, very long line of ancestry—proved by the fact that we were meeting here in this prehistoric jungle—to which members of only the *very* oldest families had the right to claim admittance.
The Editor:—Were you the only ones present?
Dr. Angelicus:—Not at all, as you shall hear. We stood chatting pleasantly for a few minutes—then she said she would like to show me some of our friends and fellow-members of the patriotic societies to which we both belong. We wandered down a path, and suddenly came upon a thick grove of trees. Such a shrill chattering and calling from the branches smote my ears that I was quite deafened to my friend's remarks. But as I bent my head nearer her muzzle, I could hear her charming Boston accent—"Look up, and you will recognize many acquaintances." Thereupon I lifted my head to gaze up into the leafy branches, but just as I did so—bang!—a large cocoanut hit me on my bald spot, and quite stunned me. To my surprise, my companion was roll-

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ing around in the leaves at my feet in convulsions of laughter. "Good shot," she screamed. Bewildered I looked up to see who my assailant could be, and there, hanging by one arm from a limb over my head, his monkey body drawn up in a paroxysm of laughter, was George Bernard Shaw.

Miss Anonymoncule:—How rude of him! Did he apologize?

Dr. Angelicus:—All he said was—"Sorry, old chap, but you were an irresistible target,"—and off he swung from limb to limb, singing—

"Back to Methuselah, back to Methuselah,
Then away back, before him—
Tra la, de da lah, tra la de da lah—
We're all brothers under the skin."

Almost at once a whole chorus of monkeys joined in the refrain. I recognized old Darwin himself, seated in the notch of a tree, skinning a banana, and singing an admirable tenor.

Miss Anonymoncule (nervously):—Was—was—I there, Doctor?

Dr. Angelicus:—I didn't *see* you. But it was a very large jungle, and we only visited one grove. In it I saw many familiar faces—faces of representatives of some of our oldest American families. Having missed several meetings of a certain patriotic society to which we all belong, I turned to my companion and asked her what business had been transacted in my absence.

Miss Anonymoncule:—Oh—do those societies do any business?

Dr. Angelicus:—Indeed, they are most serious. For example, my friend said that their chief concern at present was the enforcing of the proper veneration of the American flag by school children. An active committee had been appointed to investigate all picnics throughout the country and prevent the use of colored paper napkins, decorated with the sacred emblem of the Stars and Stripes.

Miss Anonymoncule:—But they are so decorative! That is, when the red doesn't run.

The Editor:—What I am interested in knowing is whether your guide *herself* could climb a tree. As I remember her, she is a sufferer from rheumatism.

Dr. Angelicus:—Ah, this was a magic jungle. None of the ills of today existed there. This I saw when my friend suddenly paused under an unusually large cocoanut tree, and patting it on the trunk, said—"Here I leave you, Doctor. This is *my* family tree. Isn't it a beauty?" And with these words she leaped in the air and grabbed the lowest branch, her patriotic society medals swinging back and forth. She hung there a moment, then with a final nod, swung her way up gracefully from limb to limb, and disappeared in the green leaves. . . . It was all a message, I am sure.

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CONTRIBUTORS

PATRICK J. WARD is a writer on sociological subjects.

REV. RONALD KNOX is the author of Some Loose Stones, and A Spiritual Aeneid.

DENIS GWYNN is an authority on French history and politics.

HERBERT F. WRIGHT is an official of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

JOHN M. KENNY, JR. is a new contributor to The Commonweal.

JULES BOIS, JAMES LUBY, and DOROTHY HAIGHT, are well known to Commonweal readers.

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